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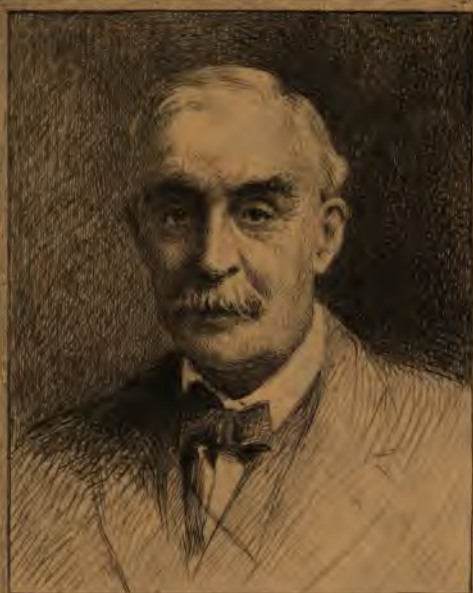
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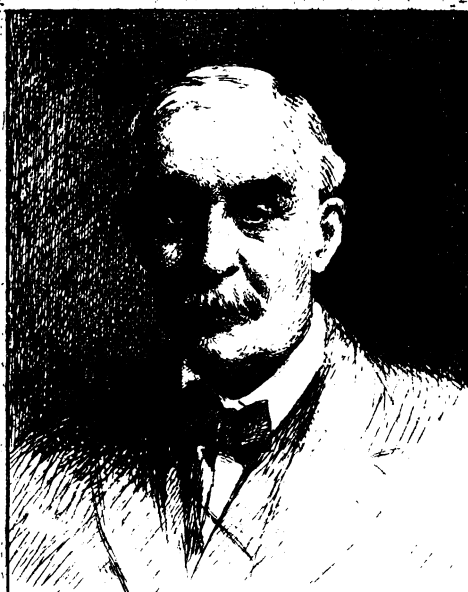
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CORONA:
THE BRIGHT SIDE
OF THE
UNIVERSE.

STUDIES IN OPTIMISM.

BY
F. T. MOTT,
F.R.G.S.

LONDON:—WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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1888.

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10-26-38 J.A.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE GRAND OLD STATESMAN
WHOSE CAREER BEARS SUCH EMPHATIC WITNESS TO THE
CONTINUOUS EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN SOUL, THE WIDENING
OF ITS INTELLECTUAL VISION AND THE EXALTATION OF ITS
NOBLEST EMOTIONS, EVEN TO THE LAST YEARS OF LIFE.

F. T. M.

INDEX.

	PAGE
THE OUTLOOK	I
MAN	5
KNOWLEDGE	11
MATTER	17
THE WAVE-FORM	23
MIND	28
TIME AND SPACE	35
THE ORGANIC WAVE	39
ATTRACTION	43
EVOLUTION	49
THE CONSERVATION AND DISSIPATION OF ENERGY	54
GOD	57
EVIL	66
BEAUTY	81
GOODNESS	95
TRUTH	103
HAPPINESS	109
FREE WILL	115
IMMORTALITY	121
LOVE	127
JUSTICE	134
GOVERNMENT	139
SOCIETY	144
WOMAN	152
EDUCATION	157
ART	161
LABOUR	169
THOUGHT	174
RELIGION	179
CONCLUSION	184



Preface.

THE civilized world has been passing through a cold wave of materialism due, no doubt, in some degree, to the necessary concentration of scientific thought upon the physical aspect of the universe. There are many indications that this wave is now passing away, that a brighter time is coming, a time of renewed and happy faith in the beauty of the universe and the goodness of God, a faith which in all its past phases has raised the level of social life, and

in its coming phase shall again raise it one step nearer to the ever-widening ideal.

Science, dealing only with the external world, is like an astronomer attempting to explain the solar system without reference to the sun. Physics must go hand in hand with metaphysics. Matter can only be explained in terms of mind, as prose is made luminous by poetry.

I have not in these pages set forth a complete body of philosophy, but have endeavoured to put light into a number of dark subjects in a popular and suggestive way, and to lead my readers, if I have any, into a region of thought in which the acceptance of all the discoveries of science can only strengthen and enlarge the soul's high trust in God.

I have purposely mingled the intellectual and the emotional aspects of existence, because I am sure that both are needed for obtaining a true insight into man's nature and position.

Birstal Hill,
Leicester.

Standing by the antique dial
 On the terrace green,
 Depths of gloom on either hand
 And sunny slopes between ;

With his fair young head unshaded
 And his eyes a-flame
 From the fire of inspiration,
 Lit at Love's great name ;

Gazing far into the soul-land,
 Rapt with ecstasies,
 Prophet of the golden future
 Open thou our eyes !

I.

THE OUTLOOK.

HOPE, joy, beauty, happiness and peace ! and if there be any other name for the highest good of life, let us write it in our perpetual hymn of thankfulness, for God is good and absolute, and there shall happen no harm to any man in all the ages.

We have been oppressed with the evil of this world and the fear of what shall be done to us in the future. Life's joy has been crushed out of us, life's beauty has been blurred, and the name of God made terrible. But as the shapeless embryo within the egg is slowly modelled into a beautiful living happy creature, so the great human soul passes through the phases of development, through periods of sensation, reflection, imagination, emotion, aspiration ; suffering, enduring, struggling, learning and expanding ; gaining at each step more power, more light, more capacity, more perception o the

beautiful and the good, more delight in the glory of existence.

And so, in this age, the revelation, often repeated, and each time in clearer tones, is once more heard: "God is our Father and our Mother. He is goodness, He is beauty, He is love and truth. He is the one only Spirit of the universe, and in that universe is no evil, no wrong, no backsliding, no degeneration. Every atom of the Cosmos, every pulse of life obeys His will, and all He wills is good, kind, generous and progressive. There is absolutely nothing to be feared, everything to be hoped. Trust Him, understand Him, rejoice in Him, for joy and beauty and goodness are the destiny of all."

The marvellous and splendid outlook of the human race, as it enlarges in the consciousness of each succeeding generation, brightens the whole aspect of life, and with the widening of its field under the light of recent science, it is now rapidly changing the creeds of Christendom and the customs of society. The horrors, the cruelties, and the selfish barbarity of childish civilization are

passing away. We begin to comprehend that the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men are real and living facts ; that revenge, even when mis-named justice, is no element in the character of a Father ; that all punishment must be purely reformatory, a good not an evil ; that pain is a blessing, not a curse ; that wickedness is no more than imperfect development, and needs not anger but help ; that the universe is one, and that the whole and perfect beauty of it can only be visible to Omniscience.

This is the revelation in which Science and Devotion lift up their song of joy together. It is Optimism in the fullest and divinest sense, for in the home of an omnipotent Father only the best is possible.

O world, that art so fair and true,
My heart leaps out with joy between
The lovely over-arching blue
And thy sweet floor of green.

I thank my God with brimming eyes
That I in such a world was born,
To drink the bliss of such rare skies
On such a summer morn !

Here as I stand beneath this bower
Of ivy-sprays and budding rose,
Heaven breaks upon my Soul ! The Power,
The Love, The Beauty, round me close !

II.

M A N .

MAN is not a mammal! He cannot be more nearly related to the monkey than the 5000th cousin, probably he is not so nearly related as the lizard is to the bird. Man is the first specific form of a new class in the scale of animal life, the only creature on this earth who speaks articulately, who thinks abstractly, who is conscious of himself, anticipates his future, aspires after the good and the beautiful, and refuses to believe that death is the end of his existence. He has passed a rubicon in the progress of development which no monkey will ever reach.

The pedigrees of man and the monkey diverged at a period which cannot be less than 100,000 years ago; and since the human births are equal to about fifty generations in every thousand years, and those of the monkey tribe are at least twice as numerous, 5000 generations on one side and 10,000 on

the other now separate the monkey from the man.

But as the mammal stands high above the bird, the bird above the fish, the fish above the worm, each rank with new capacities unknown before ; so man's unique position in the scale of being is marked off by such extended powers of intellect, and such delicacy of structure, as lift him far beyond the ranks below, and open to him possibilities out of all relation with the remainder of the animal world.

And for the production of this result no miracle is needed. It is simply due to the law of *critical epochs*.

As in human thought from the comparison of existing ideas there may arise a new idea never before present to that consciousness, and opening up new visions of existence entirely shut out before, so, from the combinations of forces which constitute evolution, there arise critical conditions which are gateways into new fields.

In the progress of animal development, several such critical epochs may be clearly

recognized. The "gastrula stage," which originated the enormous change from unicellular to multicellular organization, and the conditions which made a vertebrate structure possible, are striking instances. The difference between a vertebrate and a mollusk, or between a mollusk and an amoeba, is as large as between the aspiring man and the un-aspiring mammal. In each case a critical combination of conditions made possible a series of phenomena previously unrepresented in the material universe. Man's position as the first specific form in a new class is thus accounted for. Reason, language, and religion are the natural characters of this new class, resulting from the concentration of nervous energy, which has attained a definite maximum in this direction. Whether in the ages to come any still higher form in this new class of Humanity shall succeed and finally supersede Man as he now is, or whether any still newer and at present altogether unimaginable class has yet to be evolved, we are unable to foresee or even to guess. The only fact which is yet distinguishable to us is, that man

himself has not completed his career, has not reached his goal, is not as a living type fully developed or perfected.

The conscious mind is still growing, still in that period of youth in which the assimilation is more vigorous than the waste. It feels that there is much more yet to come, and is still struggling upwards and outwards to free itself from the bonds and limitations of infancy, the egg-shell and the swaddling-clothes.

Clouds beyond clouds, in vistas deep and warm,
Veil the sweet summer sky; heaven's drapery
Of soft ethereal texture, or bright wings
Of angels crowding up the golden stair.
Gradations rich of form and colour lead
From the near mountain tops, rank above rank
Into the far-off paradise of Light.
Below, dark bands and dusky shades of earth,
Then rosy purples, pale sea-greens, and last
The tender yellows round the great white throne.

So does the spirit of man climb step by step,
From selfish misery groping in life's caverns
To the glad sunshine of a generous love.

A shepherd lad folding his mountain flock
Sees the red sun go down behind the woods
With all the blaze of gilded clouds, and silence
Filling the air like music ; and his soul
Leaps to his eyes with sudden inspiration.

Baptized in beauty, all the avenues
Of heaven and art and joy unfold their splendours
Before his spirit's vision. He stands transfixed.
And if some angel in the golden sea
Should glance that way, he might behold perchance
Upon that lonely mountain side the birth
Of a new poet.

III.

KNOWLEDGE.

"FROM our youth upward" we have been taught that knowledge is power. But what is knowledge? There are few words more inaccurately used. Do we *know* that the sun will rise to-morrow? That George the Third died in 1820? That Great Britain is an island? That two and two make four? That the whole is greater than any part of it? That we ourselves exist, and think, and move? Of the last three propositions we have knowledge, of the first three only belief. Knowledge is conviction which is indisputable. Admit doubt and there is no knowledge. That which can be disputed is Belief. Each man knows that he exists, thinks, moves; that two and two make four; that the whole is greater than any part of it. To deny these propositions is to talk nonsense, they do not admit of denial, nor even of controversy. But whether Great Britain

is an island, depends upon the balance of external evidence. That balance is enormously on one side, but an argument might be raised on the question. Dispute is not excluded. That George the Third died in 1820 is open to still more doubt. That the sun will rise to-morrow is no more than an inference from past experiences, and though we believe it, we believe also that any day some cosmical cataclysm might disprove it. There is no true knowledge except the actual facts of consciousness. That of which we are mentally consciousness is indisputable, it is knowledge absolute. "I think, therefore I am," is an inaccurate formula. "I am" and "I think" are equally facts of consciousness, and therefore of true knowledge. "I am" is not an inference from "I think." Every sensation is a fact of consciousness. We *know* what we feel, though we make wrong inferences and arrive at false beliefs in reasoning from those sensations.

Knowledge is a phenomenon of the *Ego* purely, without relation to any *non-ego*. Yet with the knowledge that I exist comes always

the knowledge that I am limited, that I am acted upon, that I am controlled, that there is something which exists besides myself, that there is a non-ego as well as my ego. I know that there is a non-ego, but knowledge goes no further. I know that I desire to find out the attributes of the non-ego, but all my efforts to do so result only in Beliefs. I observe certain changes in my consciousness, and by long attention to the order of these changes certain other changes of consciousness take place spontaneously which we call *abstract ideas*, ideas of cause and effect, of motion, of truth, of beauty, and others innumerable. I have true knowledge of these ideas as facts of consciousness, as part and parcel of my ego, and I endeavour to use them as means for gratifying my desire to find out the attributes of the non-ego. From the contemplation of successive changes in consciousness comes the idea of motion, and from the perception that these changes are involuntary I think of the non-ego as associated with them, and as undergoing changes which are related to the changes of my con-

sciousness. I associate the idea of cause with the non-ego, and think of its changes as the causes of change in the ego.

I gradually build up for myself a conception of the non-ego with a variety of attributes suggested necessarily by the attributes of the ego, because I have no other source from which to derive my ideas. I know that I have the power thus to speculate and build up conceptions, but I know also that the non-ego itself never comes into the range of my consciousness, and that these conceptions may represent the truth with more or less probability, but that I can never have that absolute assurance respecting them which belongs to the phenomena of the ego. Thus I come to recognize the sphere of Knowledge, and to distinguish it from Belief.

But the mind of an adult man, after thinking with more or less attention every day of his life for fifty years, becomes a complex web of remembered sensations, ideas, speculations, and convictions, among which he does not distinguish between the convictions which are knowledge and those which are only belief,

unless he has paid that *close* attention which constitutes the difference between culture and rudeness. Among the uncultured a belief has equal force with true knowledge in stimulating to action. Culture makes the difference more and more distinct, and suggests caution in acting upon the stimulus of a belief. As culture becomes more complete and more accurate, words will be used with more precision, and we shall cease to speak of "knowing" where no real knowledge is possible.

A child among the butterflies
With bounding heart and eager eyes !
Yet scarce a child, for life's full day
Shines on her path not far away,
And lights e'en now the rosy tips
Of rounded cheek and ripening lips.

The brilliant insects cluster round
Bright flowers that paint the cultured ground ;
Boughs hang above, where chirping birds
Tell their sweet tales in mystic words.

She sees, and dimly comprehends
How melody with beauty blends,
Poured out on life's triumphant course
From the rich fountain at its source.
And that the dawning mysteries grow
Within her wakening soul, you know
By the glad wonder of her eyes
That gaze upon the butterflies.

IV.

MATTER.

IN our actual daily life the "material universe" occupies the largest share of our attention. We find the ego to be very much dependent upon the non-ego; so dependent that the non-ego seems to absorb our thoughts, our activities, almost our personalities. We come at last to conceive of the ego as a mere infinitesimal fraction of the all-pervading non-ego, and in no way differing from it except as the finite differs from the infinite. Yet it is an unquestionable fact that concerning this non-ego we have scarcely any true knowledge whatever. We know that it exists but almost everything else respecting it is doubtful.

The accumulated experience of mankind, and their constant endeavours to discover the nature and attributes of the non-ego have resulted in a multitude of beliefs respecting it, many of which are inconsistent with each other. Each man's set of beliefs on this

subject probably differs to some extent from that of each of his neighbours ; but there is a consensus of belief as to some leading points, and the civilized races of the world generally agree to speak of the non-ego in one sense as the "material universe," and in another as "God."

For we cannot ignore the facts which we *know*, and careful thinkers cannot help perceiving the vast difference between knowledge and belief ; and the recognition of these two forms of conviction induces the conception that there are two forms of existence, which we call mind and matter ; mind which knows, matter which neither knows nor is known. But the remarkable manner in which the unknown non-ego operates upon the knowing ego leads most of us to the further belief that the non-ego in some way *knows* as much as, and probably a great deal more than the ego itself.

Thus we come to think and to speak of the non-ego in two senses, as the knowing but unknown God, and as the unknowing and unknown matter.

Now there arises a great question : What is the relation between these two phases of the non-ego ? Are they essentially distinct and separate entities ? Are they but phases of one thing ? Or is one of them a myth ?

For many centuries it was believed that they were two separate entities. The church taught that the knowing God created the unknowing matter out of nothing, but many philosophers said " This is impossible, the two must be equally infinite and eternal."

Modern science has very widely spread a belief in the third alternative, that one of the two must be a myth ; and since it has mostly been dealing with, and making discoveries about the unknowing matter, it has paid little attention to the knowing God, and has concluded that the myth lies there. A re-action has begun however, and the second solution of the question is now attracting attention. Here in all probability lies the ultimate truth, or as much of it as human faculties can at present attain to. God and matter are phases of one entity, and since the greater includes the less and is not included by it, the knowing

God is the central fact of which matter is in some manner and in some sense a phase. In what manner and in what sense we shall consider hereafter. It is clear that neither of matter nor of God can we have any true knowledge except that they exist, and that we are acted upon and controlled by them. We may form a multitude of beliefs about them, and many of these beliefs may attain such high degrees of probability as to be little short of knowledge ; but the boundary cannot be passed. They are not facts of consciousness, they are conclusions of reason, and every one of them must remain open to doubt.

Of the knowing God, however, we have one special and important evidence. We know what it is *to know*, whereas of an existence which *does not know* we have no conscious experience. We can readily conceive of a knowing mind less limited than we feel our own to be ; and knowing that we have power to act upon the non-ego as well as the non-ego upon us, we can comprehend the power of the non-ego if it is a knowing mind, although if it is not we are conscious of no

analogy with an existence in which power is dissociated from knowing. Hence it is greatly more difficult to believe that the non-ego is entirely unknowing matter than that it is entirely the knowing God, and we are led to seek for some other explanation of matter than the assumption that it is a distinct entity.

This ancient bone and these few scattered fragments,
Drawn from the bottom of some deep-sunk well,
Silurian, permian, trias, chalk and gravel—
Ah, what a cosmic history they tell !

Lured by the wonder-light that gleams around them,
My thought flies far, beyond the midnight sky,
Into that vast self-luminous sphere, the cradle
Wherein the embryos of creation lie.

Forces profound, half slumbering yet potential,
I see them stir like monsters of the deep,
And the wild atoms, with their free-paths boundless,
Into the rudiments of order creep.

I see old Chronos measuring out the æons,
Piling the years like mountains in his hand,
And from the formless nebular mass evolving
Figures and shapes as countless as the sand.

As the swift engine from the distance nearing
Swell on the eye like some gigantic cloud,
The rush of life o'erwhelms my soul with wonder,
And drowns the sense with myriad voices loud.

V

THE WAVE-FORM.

METAPHOR is a figure of speech depending upon a subtle analogy between two objects, which have not physically much in common. We call a happy girl a "bright" creature, the "sunshine" of the house. We speak of a "sharp" fellow, a "hard" bargain, a "keen" intellect, and it is generally supposed that these epithets are derived from certain qualities inherent in such other objects as a sharp spear, a hard stone, a keen-edged knife. The truth is, however, that these epithets refer not to qualities of other objects, but to certain mental conditions, certain ideas which are brought into consciousness equally by each set of objects. The stone is no more hard than the bargain, the knife is not more keen than the intellect. It would be as truly metaphorical to speak of a hard stone as of a hard bargain, but that the hardness of a stone is so much the more common and familiar, that

it seems to have the better original right to the epithet. All adjectives describe states of mind, subjective ideas, not objective facts of which in truth we have no real knowledge.

It is common to speak of motion as an attribute of matter, but it is in fact a subjective idea. We are conscious of a certain mental condition, a condition of change which appears to be sometimes spontaneous and sometimes caused by the influence of the non-ego. This condition gives rise to an abstract idea, which we call "motion," and we speak of the non-ego as "having motion," because it produces the condition which gives rise to that idea. The motion of matter is a purely metaphorical conception, but we have become so familiar with it that the metaphor is not recognized.

Modern science has discovered that nearly all motion, perhaps quite all, has a peculiar form or method to which the name "wave-form" is given. There are waves of sound, waves of light, waves of water, waves of cold or heat, even waves of social thought and sentiment. These waves differ somewhat among themselves, but they have sufficient in

common to receive the same name. A "wave" means at least an alternation of two extreme conditions, a rising and a falling, an acceleration and a retardation, or a concentration followed by a dispersion. But the word does not refer to any attribute inherent in some part of the non-ego. Like "hardness" and "motion" it refers to a condition of the conscious mind. We *know* what we mean by a wave, it is a fact of consciousness, not a belief. We speak of a wave of water, because water in motion gives rise to that idea which we designate by the word "wave." Sound and light do not ordinarily give rise to that idea, but we have reason to believe that they would do so if our senses were much keener than they are, and therefore we apply the same metaphor to them.

What we mean by a wave, then, is a condition of conscious mind, and if all motion is in the wave-form, this must be the universal method of mental change, since motion is the name for change in the conscious mind.

The dualism which seems to us to pervade the universe ; the yes and no, darkness and

light, up and down, good and bad, &c. ;
probably has its source in this primal condition of all activity.

The Storm-King leads his hosts across the sky,
And in the gloom and denseness of the shadow
We stand with bated breath, as if the world
Waited for judgment. Yet the northern edge
Of the visible landscape gleams like a bar of gold,
And in the warm sweet light a village spire
Points heavenward, and the farms that lie about it
Smile with content ; stretches of yellow corn,
Green slopes with dappled flocks, and rich moist
meadows,

Singing a silent hymn of peace and plenty.

So must our life-paths ever rise and fall,
Running from sheen to shade, from gloom to joy.
Earth needs her tempests, but the rounding light
Of God's love gleams beyond.

VI.

M I N D.

THE only things of which we are conscious are the knowing ego, its existence, its changes, and the fact that there is a non-ego. Can we infer anything as to the intrinsic nature of the ego?

It appears natural to man everywhere to make certain inferences as to the nature of the non-ego, and modern science regards it as consisting partly of solid atoms and partly of "energy," the usual theory, called the *materialistic* theory, being that the energy is an attribute of the atoms and has no existence apart from them. Energy is the source of all activity, and the various modes in which it acts are called *forces*.

We *know* what activity is; we are conscious of the power of action; and if we call that power "energy," then we know what energy is. But as to solid atoms, we have no knowledge of these whatever.

Mind we know, power we know, but matter is a pure inference, a supposition, an hypothesis invented to account for certain mental changes due to the influence of the non-ego. We are conscious of the changes, but not conscious of the cause, and there can be no absolute proof that the hypothesis we have invented represents the truth. The solid atom theory moreover has several difficulties, the most evident of which is, that these atoms must be infinitely divisible, and yet if they *are* infinitely divisible they are not ultimate atoms.

Bishop Berkeley propounded another theory of the non-ego, which has been called "Idealism." He abandoned the difficult hypothesis of material atoms, and maintained that the mental changes usually attributed to the influence of external matter were in fact due to the direct fiat of the omnipotent God, a kind of perpetual miracle. This theory is not self-evidently impossible, but it does not satisfactorily account for all the phenomena. It fails to convince mankind that the resistances of which they are conscious are not real.

We know what it is for one force to resist another ; we are conscious of opposing forces in our own minds, and when we feel our activities resisted by a force of which we are not conscious, we still inevitably believe that there is a resisting force somewhere outside of us, and cannot be convinced that this impression of resistance is produced without such an external force.

Another hypothesis which has been suggested is, that the atoms are not solid, but are merely "centres of force," which being mathematical points, do not occupy space, and are therefore not divisible either definitely or infinitely. But the substitution of such "centres of force" for solid atoms, involves the contradiction that forms which occupy space are built up of points which do *not* occupy space.

We have still to seek for a satisfactory theory of matter, which is not likely to be found until we have still further elaborated our conception of mind.

We are conscious of activity, of change or motion, of power or force. We have seen

that the universal form of motion is that peculiar alternation of acceleration and retardation, or of concentration and dispersion, which we call the wave-form. We can imagine, in an abstract manner, a perpetual motion in one direction and of unchanging velocity, but we have no knowledge or experience of any such motion. All movements of which we are conscious are in the wave-form. This wave-form belongs then in some way to the nature of conscious mind. But consciousness has no relation to space, as space is usually conceived. The mental wave is a concentration and dispersion of Force, not of anything which "occupies space."

An individual mind is a concentrating wave of Force which has attained a degree of concentration and complexity in which the phenomenon of consciousness is manifested. But there may be any number of such Force-waves in existence which have not attained to that degree of concentration, and in which dispersion will commence before that degree will be reached. Such Force-waves will never become conscious individuals, but they

may constitute a large portion of the apparently unknowing non-ego, and may act upon the conscious Force-waves in such manner as to produce the resistances and other phenomena which we attribute to the external non-ego, without occupying space, and yet constituting as real a resisting medium as any material atoms.

Here, then, is a theory of matter which does not imply the existence either of infinitely divisible particles, or of space-occupying forms built up of mathematical points. The resistances of which we are conscious are due to the interaction of force-waves which have no relation to space in its ordinary signification. The resistances are real, not merely ideal, but their cause is of the same nature as the conscious mind which perceives them, and this Force or Energy is the one only substance of which we have any knowledge whatever. Matter and Mind are two phases or conditions of it. Matter as a solid space-occupying substance distinct from Force is a myth.

On this calm shore the pulse of the world has beat
Unheard, unseen, down the dim centuries,
Carving the face of its rock-sculptured frieze
By grinding glacier and by splintering heat.

No human voice has ever echoed here,
No human foot has crushed these shining shells,
The pure unsullied sand no history tells
Of war's red track or clang of clashing spear.

Here breathes sweet nature only. Here I gaze
On the clean woof of the world's virgin robe ;
One spot on all this stained and dusty globe
Fresh, bright and happy as the dancing days.

God ! let me drink the beauty of these lines,
These tints, these melting harmonies of sound
From all the glad life-voices whispering round,
Till thankful joy through my rapt spirit shines.

For thine ear, in the world's great hymn of love,
Sin, war and death has each its tone divine
Swelling the universal chorus ; mine
Hears but the rippled wave and murmuring dove.

A soul without a weakness, large and strong,
Pure, beautiful, and keenly wise, yet humble
As a hedge violet on a lonely bank ;
Lodged in a form too slender and too light
To bear the stress of daily ministry,
Hand, foot and brain, in the world's crowded ways,
But that the fire within feeds every nerve
With a sublime and stintless energy.
And in the glances of her happy eyes,
That look so straight into the core of life,
Burns the clear joy of sympathy. To her,
Because she loves it as a reverent child,
The God-made world reveals its faultless beauty.
To every poor and way-worn traveller
Her presence is delight, for she is veiled
Around with gladness, and the breath of flowers
That bloom in the early summer floats like mist
About her path. Humanity in her
Is the divine dream realized.

VII.

TIME AND SPACE.

MOTION implies an unbroken current of mental change. But this current would not be unbroken if the changes were sudden. There is probably no such thing as sudden change. The evolution of mind is as unbroken as the gradual extension of a perfectly elastic cord. But change is not appreciable in consciousness until it has reached a certain amount, so that the current appears to us to consist of a succession of distinct ideas. The perception of this succession gives rise to the abstract idea of Time or Duration. When the current of change is initiated by the senses, and appears to be due to the influence of the non-ego, and when we are conscious in such a current, not only of a succession of ideas, but of the differences among those ideas, then arises the abstract idea of Space, which is entirely associated

with the non-ego, and has no reference whatever to the ego itself. Probably these two are the first abstract ideas to which the developing mind attains, and they are constantly present to consciousness through the whole of life. Time and Space are perfectly real as abstract ideas, but as such only. From the fact however that the idea of Space only arises in connection with change produced by the non-ego, we come to regard it as an attribute of the non-ego, and to infer that the non-ego "occupies" intervals of space, as the current of thought seems to "occupy" intervals of time between one perceived change and the next. But these inferences disappear in the light of closer observation. We know that we have an idea which we call space, and that this is inseparably associated with currents of thought, induced by the action of the non-ego; but since this idea is due to the incompleteness of consciousness, in not recognizing the continuity of change, it does not represent any actual phenomenon of the non-ego.

The ideas of Eternity and Infinity are of a still more abstract nature, and do not arise in the mind till a later stage of development.

Between two lights the lonely ruin stands.
So do the Past and Future still join hands,
The Evening and the Morning, and between
The crumbling, changing Present, lived not seen,
Save in dark outline.

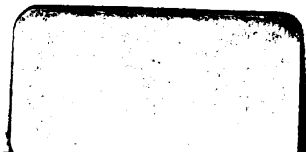
VIII.

THE ORGANIC WAVE.

AMONG all the wave-forms of the universe, the one which is most interesting to us is the wave of Organic Life, in which we ourselves are included. It appears to have originated at a very early period in the history of that wave of the Solar system, which we call the Earth ; perhaps at the epoch of maximum concentration of energy, when the earth was a glowing sphere, and the cooling process had only just commenced. For the most remarkable character of the organic wave is its intense concentration of energy as compared with inorganic existence, and it may be that the initiation of such a wave was only possible at that critical point in the history of this planet. Another special character of the organic wave is its power of accumulating energy still further, by the assimilation of surrounding waves, and at the present time

it exhibits the most complex and intricate system of wave within wave which we have anywhere discovered.

Careful analysis appears to show that the primary organic wave is built up of four great secondary waves, represented by the four leading systems of tissue in all organic beings, viz.: the Cellular, the Osseous, the Fibrous, and the Nervous. These secondary waves have not the same velocities or the same periodic times. They attain their maximum epochs not simultaneously but successively, and in the above order. Always the cellular first, then the osseous, the fibrous, and the nervous. Throughout the organic world this arrangement is conspicuous. The earliest forms of life are single cells, or clusters of cells. The second stage is marked by the solidification of some parts, chiefly external in the invertebrates, internal in the vertebrates. Attached to these solidifying tissues are the fibrous muscles, and the action of these is more and more controlled by the developing nerves, which are the last to reach their maximum.



These four secondary waves start together in their career of concentration and development, but advancing with unequal velocities they reach their destinations one after the other, the maximum point of each marking a critical epoch in the primary wave.

Thus in all normally developed animal types the first stage is soft and cellular. The second is characterized by a conspicuous development of the skeleton, and the forms are often of gigantic size. In the third, the osseous wave is receding as the fibrous comes to the front, and the forms are smaller but gifted with immense activity in proportion to their bulk. Finally, as the great nervous wave, the slowest but the most important, overtops the others, there is a still further shrinking of bulk, with an extraordinary increase of mental capacity. A similar series of phenomena is exhibited in the vegetable world by the progressive development of the cellular system, the woody stem and branch system, the fibrous and laminated foliage, and the highly sensitive blossom. And as the same order of unfolding is traceable not only

in those great secondary waves, but in the tertiary waves of which they are each composed, and equally in waves of every grade down to the minutest ripple of the vast organic system, when this law is fully comprehended it will prove a master key to the problems of phylogeny and classification.

IX.

ATTRACTION.

GROVE'S "Correlation of the Physical Sciences" was the first published methodical statement of a generalization which had long been incubating in the minds of scientific thinkers. The remarkable fact that in Mechanics, Electricity, Magnetism, Heat, Chemistry, the fundamental laws were found to be dependent upon a common property called "Attraction" could not fail to suggest a correlation which was slowly being thought out.

What is attraction? Why should the atoms of matter cling together and draw each other across immeasurable tracts of space with cumulative force in proportion to the numbers already aggregated? Attraction as usually understood implies *action at a distance* which is inconsistent with other laws of matter, and some desperate efforts have

been made to explain it otherwise. The "Shelter theory" is plausible in mechanics, but scarcely explains the magnetic field or the selective affinities of chemistry.

Let us look at the question not from the side of matter, but from the side of mind.

We quite understand what we mean when we say that we are attracted by beauty and repelled by ugliness. These emotions are facts of consciousness and are within the range of our positive knowledge. When we recognize some analogy between these emotions and the conduct of the non-ego, we give to that conduct a name which expresses that analogy, we say metaphorically that the non-ego is "attracted." But when we assume the non-ego to consist of something which is not mind but an altogether different substance, we can form no conception of what attraction may really mean in reference to that substance.

On the hypothesis that the substance of the non-ego is identical with the substance of mind, we can comprehend why attraction should be one of its attributes.

All the desires and emotions of which we are conscious are forms of that mental attribute to which we give the name of attraction, or of its opposite phase repulsion. This attribute is capable of operating in two directions, and a Desire is its operation in one direction as an *in-drawing*, while an Emotion is its operation in the other direction as an *out-going*. It is roused into activity by various ideas. The idea of pleasure induces desire, the idea of beauty emotion. We desire pleasure and are conscious at that moment of an in-drawing effort to obtain it. We are moved to admiration by Beauty, and are conscious of an out-going towards the beautiful idea. These two conditions are the bases of egoism and altruism, and altruism is necessarily regarded as the higher and nobler condition because it is the response to the larger, more abstract, and more final ideas. Among the waves of the non-ego which do not rise to individual consciousness, those waves which are regarded as "Matter," we recognize only one phase of attraction the analogue of Desire. Every "material"

object draws towards itself every other object. There is no action analogous to Emotion, no generous out-going towards the grand and the beautiful, because this phase of attraction is only possible to waves which have reached a consciousness sufficiently developed for the recognition of abstract ideas.

See, Julian, what a queenly head ! The pose
How perfect ! The strong mouth and broad white
brow,

The eyes where thought and feeling glow like flame.
'Tis joy enough for one of life's best days
To look on so much loveliness !

Dear friend,
What stirs your soul stirs mine. 'Twas always so.
We see as with one eye. But this strange Beauty
That flits about the world, so swift and fickle,
What is it ? Let us consecrate our lives
To that high quest, that Holy Grail of thought,
The search for Beauty's meaning.

Father, I've pledged my heart to Janet Smith.
You know her ; a brave brown-haired girl who works
In yonder mill. She's poor, and men will say
No match for me, your son ; and wag their beards
With ominous forecasting of your frowns.
They do not know my dear and noble father !
I would not, for the debt of love I owe
To your true heart, bruise it with one regret.
But gold has lost its poison in your hands.
And you have taught me that true sympathy
May outrun social limits. Here's my Janet !
Give us your blessing, father. She will be
As good a child to you as wife to me.

Ay, George, you have not judged the old man
wrongly.

We are God's children, all of us alike,
And by our insolent mistrust we lose
Half of the world's best beauty. Since your heart,
Of which none more than I can know the soundness,
Finds in this innocent girl the friend it seeks,
She shall be dear to me as you are. Welcome
To this new flower in our garden of love !

X.

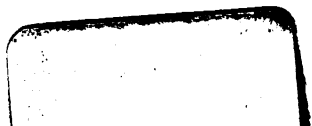
EVOLUTION.

THE primary meaning of evolution is an *unrolling*, a disclosure of what was previously rolled up and hidden. But the word as used in materialistic science implies rather a building-up than an unrolling. It is legitimate enough to modify words for the use of changing thought, but to look back at the process of such modification is often helpful, and if thought has run astray the tracing back of such a clue may lead to the discovery of the error. In the case of this word, Evolution, the change of meaning is not justified. It indicates a digression from the straight path of reason, a plunge into the barren wilderness of materialism.

If solid space-occupying matter is the fundamental substance of the universe, then all progress from the lower to the higher may well be regarded as a building up of molecules. But if the substance of the

universe be mind, progress must be a true evolving of hidden potentialities ; a bringing forth from within, not a building up from without ; an organic, not an inorganic process.

All organisms take their rise from single and very minute egg-cells. The egg-cells of vast numbers of distinct species, genera, and families, cannot be distinguished from each other by the most powerful microscopes ; yet one of them will inevitably grow up into a bird, another into an elephant, another into a man. This cannot be due to surrounding conditions because no change of conditions makes any appreciable difference. A bird's egg cannot be made to produce anything but a bird ; an acorn will grow into nothing but an oak. Yet no trace of any bird-form can be discovered in the newly laid egg, nor of an oak in the acorn. Even if an extremely minute miniature of the mature oak existed among the molecules of the growing point of the acorn it would be impossible for this to be the foundation of the full-grown tree, because growth is not effected by a spreading out of the primary molecules in their original



order, but by the repeated enlarging and bisecting of each separate cell.

It is certain that every seed contains within it some principle, some potentiality, the future of which is fixed and inevitable, and which cannot be essentially altered by any environment whatever. What is this principle? Material science can give no answer. Its efforts to penetrate the mystery cannot get beyond the solid atoms, and no initial arrangement of these could expand by any known process into the mature figure. The active principle which guides the growing cells must necessarily lie in the immaterial Force, not in the material atoms. Every egg-cell is in fact a force-wave which does not "occupy space," because space is only an idea, and in which therefore may lie any amount of design, of potentiality, of selective affinity, the unfolding of which is evolution in its truest meaning.

And not only is each individual a force-wave of this character, each Species is a force-wave of larger type, the potentiality of which will carry that species to its completest

development, and then to its death. Each genus, each order, each class, is in like manner a force-wave of successively larger and more comprehensive character. Each wave carries its destiny within it, and to the evolution of that destiny it must roll on through the ages, while man wonders and blunders, and makes false inferences, and discovers his errors, and tries again and again, and gradually gets nearer to the truth as the wave of human life unfolds, and the capacity of the conscious soul rises towards its maximum.



With a sudden burst of glory on the woodland and
the plains,
Royal Autumn comes sedately to review her rich
domains.

Nothing is as last she left it, life is larger and more
stable,
Sweeping weaker waves before it as the stronger wave
is able.

Age by age the woods grow lovelier, and the hills
more brightly draped;
And the life that slowly broadens warmer tinted,
richer shaped.

Could a painter's rapt conception grasp the promise of
this hour,
And record it on his canvas with a master's trenchant
power,

What a world of wondrous colour to our startled gaze
were given !
Beauty past the soul's believing, glorious as the plains
of heaven !

XI.

THE CONSERVATION AND DISSIPATION
OF ENERGY.

IN materialistic science the precise meaning of Energy is not very clearly defined. Some writers seem to regard it as synonymous with motion, others speak of it as the cause of motion. Sometimes it is supposed to be an attribute of matter, at other times it is treated as an entity distinct from matter, and capable of being transferred or communicated from one mass to another. What we actually know about it is that it is an attribute of Mind; that we as conscious beings possess an activity, a power of influencing the non-ego. This is what we mean primarily by the term "energy," and it is from its analogy to this known power that we apply the same term to the activity of the non-ego. On the Force-wave hypothesis these two activities of the ego and the non-ego are actually of the same nature, and are properly called by the same name. Conservation of energy

means that force-waves are capable of uniting and combining their activities, and of separating and re-combining, without destruction or loss; while Dissipation of energy is the perpetual dying out of multitudes of the smaller waves which have passed their maximum, and returned into the great waves from which they sprang.

The action of the steam-engine would be described in terms of the Force-wave hypothesis as follows :—

The wave Oxygen unites with the wave Carbon in the furnace, and the result is a combination which immediately separates into the highly active wave Heat, and the more quiescent wave Carbonic Acid. The wave Heat unites with the wave Iron forming the boiler, and then with the wave Water producing the highly active wave Steam, which again separates into the two waves Water and Mechanical force, the latter uniting with the Iron of the cylinder and piston, producing the phenomenon of Motion in all the parts of the machinery and separating again into the two waves Frictional Heat

and Work-done, or quiescent Resistance, commonly called Potential Energy.

This may seem a grotesque parody upon the usual mode of describing what happens in the working of a steam-engine, but the grotesqueness disappears when the mind is familiar with the Force-wave theory.

The processes which take place in human mind may be described in a similar manner, but without suggesting any such grotesqueness.

Energy passes into the eye as light, or into the ear as sound. In the brain it is transmuted first into sensation, thence into concrete ideas, thence into desires, and thence into physical action, when it passes back from the ego to the non-ego. If when it reaches the stage of concrete ideas any of it passes on to the higher stage of abstract ideas, it will be transmuted thence into emotion, and thence into desire and physical action as before.

There is no loss. The whole of it is "conserved" and may always be accounted for.

XII.

GOD.

WHAT then is God? Cast your eye over the waves of the ocean. The great rolling billows that move comparatively slowly are each built up of a multitude of secondary and more rapidly moving waves, covering their surfaces with ridge and valley. Each of these secondary waves is built up of many smaller waves of still higher velocity, and these in turn have their surfaces roughened with running ripples. Here is a system of wave within wave in which subdivision may be carried to an indefinite extent, while the substance of the whole is yet the same throughout, one and indivisible.

This system of wave within wave is the system of the universe, and the all-embracing ultimate and universal substance is God.

This substance we absolutely *know* as conscious Mind, Energy, or Force. It is

the only substance of which we have any knowledge. It does not "occupy space." It includes every capacity, power, or attribute which we know to exist, and if we call it Eternal, Infinite, Omniscient, and Omnipotent, we know what these terms mean, although they cannot be defined because there are no analogous ideas with which to compare them. We know that though our own thoughts and feelings do not occupy space, they are yet "limited," but we have no knowledge of any such limits to the non-ego, and no reason to infer that such exist. Eternal and Infinite are words expressing chiefly the consciousness of limitation in ourselves.

We know that there is a non-ego. We know of only one substance, Mind or Energy. In the influence of the non-ego upon us we are conscious of effects similar to those produced by our own mental activities. We are conscious also that the influence of the non-ego is over-mastering, and controls us in every direction. So far we have absolute knowledge, but no further. At this point we

enter the region of probability. We seek for causes of the effects produced by the non-ego upon us, and by us upon the non-ego. We have no conscious knowledge. We imagine possible existences and methods ; we reason about these, we make inferences, and at last arrive at certain beliefs.

We infer that the non-ego, or some part of it, is of the same nature as the substance which we know as Mind, that it possesses all the attributes of which we are conscious, and that it may possess others of which we are not conscious in virtue of its infinity.

These inferences are so strongly justified by the facts ; they so satisfactorily explain the phenomena before us, that up to this point they are accepted by all civilized nations.

There are indeed materialists who would not admit that any part of the non-ego, except the human race, possesses all the attributes of which we are conscious, but even these believe in Energy as an indestructible existence, common both to the ego and the non-ego, and we have seen that the additional

inference of a matter distinct from energy is not necessary, is full of difficulty, and has no particle of real knowledge to support it.

If the non-ego is infinite Mind possessing all the attributes of which we are conscious in our limited minds, we may now ask—what are those attributes? The principal of them are Intellect, Emotion, and Power. Ideas, which are of several grades, from the simplest sensation up to the highest abstraction; Emotions, which are the results of ideas; and Power, which is the energy of intellect and emotion acting upon the non-ego.

The conception of that non-ego as the Infinite Substance not limited as we are, possessing these wonderful attributes the meaning of which we know but the possible extent of which we can only imagine, the vast inclusive God whose activity appears always in the wave-form, as a dispersion of substance which must be re-concentrated and then again dispersed, of whose substance we ourselves are waves in process of concentration, a process which has reached in us the stage of consciousness, of whom all that

we know and all that we can imagine must of necessity be partial phases and manifestations, because there is nothing else in the whole universe—this is a conception sufficiently sublime, sufficiently simple and fundamental to satisfy the highest aspirations of intellect and emotion, and it explains the phenomena.

Herbert Spencer maintains that of the unknowable we can predicate nothing except that it exists. Surely this is not quite true even if he means “predicate with certainty.” It is far from the truth in reference to highly probable inference.

If we know that the non-ego exists, we know equally well that it is more powerful than we are, that it operates upon us and we upon it, and that the effects of its operation are in many respects similar to the effects of our own operation.

From these premises a great deal may be inferred with very high probability as to the nature and character of the non-ego. We infer that this Unknowable is the Infinite of which we are able to conceive, but which

we can no where else discover. We recognize in its operations intelligence immensely superior to our own, and arrangements for the development and happiness of conscious creatures which fill us with emotions of admiration and gratitude. We infer that it is the All-Wise and the All-Good, and as a necessary corollary to this, that such phenomena as look to us ugly and wrong have an explanation which if we could discover it would change their aspect, since in a universe controlled by the Almighty, the All-Wise and the All-Good, wrong is impossible.

Thus we learn to call the Unknowable our Almighty Father, and find endless delight in investigating the wonders of his intelligence and recognizing everywhere the goodness of his purposes.

Materialism places the origin of the cosmos in a state of maximum dispersion, and regards evolution as a gradual concentration and combination. But it is more probable that concentration preceded dispersion ; that the real origin is further back, in a condition of maximum concentration, the conscious God.

This theory is the more probable of the two, because it supplies an active rather than a passive origin ; because it derives the less from the greater, not the greater from the less ; and because it affords an explanation of that character of universal purpose which the great majority of mankind recognize in nature, and which has never been otherwise accounted for. It may, of course be asked, " But what preceded the maximum concentration ? " and the only answer is, that here we are at the limit of human faculty. Each theory supposes a beginning, but the idea of a beginning at all is entirely due to our idea of Time, and if this is an idea only possible to finite beings, but essential to them, it is plain that we cannot get away from it, though we infer from the consciousness of our own limitation, that God is not limited either by time or space, and that, therefore, the idea of a beginning is not applicable to His existence.

My father's work ! the spirit that hath led,
 Thought, hope, and will into one centred purpose,
 Forewarn's me of a coming horror. Death
 Stands watching with his thirsty myrmidons
 Torture and Shame, and my sweet mother's eyes
 Drop sorrow like a weeping winter night.
 The shell of the world is hard to pierce, but God
 Shall break it as the millstone breaks the grain,
 Bringing to birth the pure and priceless pearl.
 O world of beauty ! O my wakening brothers !
 Who see not yet, but *shall* see, the rare joy
 • Of the total universe informed with love !
 That I may lay some years of this young life
 On the altar of sacrifice ; that I may lift
 This voice as leader in your splendid chorus ;
 That I may know how well the great wise God
 Has fashioned through all time the living atoms
 Into one harmony of changing good,—
 Fires my stirred soul with a supreme delight,
 An ecstasy of reverent grateful gladness !
 There is no suffering, when a happy man
 Dies for the right ; and I would die, my brothers,
 A thousand deaths, to be the instrument
 Of so much joy, the guide to so much bliss,
 The conscious fellow-worker with our Father !

Skies of unchanging blue, where day and night
Pass in perpetual sweetness. Groves of palm,
Sun-bathed above and carpeted with shadows
Of plantains and tree-ferns, and tropic flowers
That burn all day like lamps in a silent temple.

Within the solemn coolness of the grove
Is shadow only, save at one stately portal
Where the keen arrows of the Sun-God pierce
The gloom, and in that spot of holy light
A happy Indian girl with arms outstretched,
And smiling eyes uplifted trustfully,
Offers her gift of many-coloured fruits
With gladness to her God.

XIII.

EVIL.

It is the existence of Evil which makes atheists. We cannot conceive of an infinite God who is wicked, cruel and malignant. We see that wickedness, cruelty and malice abound, and some of us conclude that no God exists. Yet, if we consider the nature and the meaning of evil we shall see that that conclusion is not justified.

What is the difference between a good man and a bad one? No one is absolutely and always good; no one is entirely bad; and no definite line can be drawn between them.

The good man has his weak points, the bad man has moments of better feeling. The vast majority of us oscillate daily between selfishness and altruism; at one time we are kindly, generous and helpful; at another, something has vexed us and we are cross and spiteful. If it be said that the good

man is he who sincerely desires to do right and regrets his shortcomings, while the bad man neither cares for the right nor feels remorse for wrong, it must be shown that such debasement is possible. Assuredly it is rare, probably it does not exist. But in order to separate the good from the bad a definition must be found which will make it possible to draw a line through the crowd, not between the extremes only. No such definition has yet been discovered. The separation of the sheep from the goats according to any law of justice is in fact an absolute impossibility.

A man's character depends upon his hereditary constitution, modified by his education. The constitution with which he is born is by far the more important factor. Education multiplies his ideas and forms his manners, but it will only alter slightly the main lines of character. For this hereditary character he is in no way responsible, nor has he generally much to do with the early education by which it is chiefly modified. The whole environment of life is no doubt educational.

That every man has more ideas and more intellectual power in his later life than in his childhood is evident, and we may safely infer that in the more subtle domain of the emotions there is a similar progress, even when it is not superficially apparent.

For the law of critical epochs operates in this region of the mind as elsewhere. We know that the selfish desires may prevail while the altruistic emotions are yet feeble, but that there often comes a time when these emotions have gathered strength sufficient to bring about a critical epoch, to suppress selfishness, to regenerate the life, to produce the phenomenon which is called "sudden conversion," and it is at least probable that this growth of the higher emotions is always progressing, although nothing may be seen of it until a critical epoch is reached.

That the individual *never degenerates* is a law which may be inferred from these considerations. A race may degenerate from conditions which induce lower organization in the average of births, and this will no doubt happen when the Force-wave of that

race has reached its maximum and is beginning to disperse ; but the individual must continue to progress and develop until the highest point possible to his organization has been attained, and if he is destined for a higher life beyond the present one, no real degeneration is possible on this side the grave. There may be apparent degeneration, because the accumulating energy of the higher emotions is unseen until the critical epoch is attained, but it must be apparent and superficial only. Under the pressure of sin and suffering and their consequences, the required energy is being forced upwards into the emotional form and will make itself manifest in the end.

If this be so, what accidents, or contingencies, or conduct of others can be really harmful? There is in fact no evil in this sense. Man's progress is an inevitable law of nature, and the whole of his environment is educational.

We are, all of us, concentrating waves of energy of vast complexity, systems of wave within wave more intricate than anything we

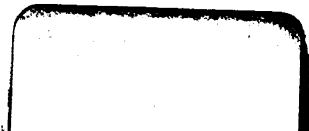
can imagine except God, and our development depends largely upon the continual reception and accumulation of additional supplies of energy from the non-ego. When the waves of this complex system are flowing onward centripetally with that simple rhythmic movement which we call "harmony," the feeling of *pleasure* is present to our consciousness. When the movement of any part of the system becomes altered, so that the rhythm is much less simple, the sense of harmony is lost and the feeling of pleasure ceases. This may happen in such a complex system in various degrees. A slight and very partial change of rhythm may diminish the feeling of pleasure ; a violent and far-reaching change may extinguish it altogether. In the ordinary course of life this feeling of pleasure is always present. We delight to live. We enjoy food, exercise, conversation, quiet thought, reading, writing, working, and all the other activities. The intensity of the feeling varies, but if it falls below a certain average, we call its absence "pain," and immediately endeavour to restore it to a normal intensity.

The simple harmonic rhythm which keeps pleasure at its normal point may be disturbed by the action of other individuals. In this case we attribute to them the loss of pleasure which we experience ; we say that they have injured us, that they have inflicted evil upon us.

But in reality the action of one force-wave upon another means generally the *imparting of energy*. - It means this even in the language of materialism, for when one prize-fighter knocks another out of time and sense, it is simply the sudden and rapid imparting of energy which has confused the brain and swollen the tissues. So when pain is inflicted upon us by the disturbance of the rhythmic flow of the complex wave, it is generally because we have received energy more rapidly than the nervous system could distribute it, and that the temporary accumulation has disturbed the normal balance ; but the reception of energy is actually an advantage rather than a loss, and we know that the effect of pain is often greatly strengthening to the emotions, and even to the intellect.

When pain is inflicted by an unkind speech there is an imparting of energy from the non-ego direct to the ego in the form of ideas, and the amount of such energy is only to be measured by the amount of the disturbance. Pain may be inflicted by poison, but poison means a substance which imparts energy with intense rapidity ; it may also arise from parasitic disease, but parasites give pain by generating a poison, and if they obtain energy from the muscular tissue they return it through the nerves with painful violence.

If energy is imparted with an intensity and a suddenness, which goes beyond a certain maximum point, a critical epoch is brought about and the phenomenon of death ensues. That individual force-wave permanently changes its form in a manner which puts it out of the relation in which it previously stood to surrounding force-waves, dispersing some one of its secondary waves and passing on the accumulated energy to the next. This is an advance in its process of development and cannot be regarded as a loss.



We are not to suppose, however, that it is a good thing to inflict pain upon our neighbour. The progress of intellect and altruistic emotion shows us that it is better to impart helpful energy by gentle methods which do not disturb the rhythm, but it is evident that such pain is not fundamentally a loss, not an evil in any true sense. It is merely an excessive or inharmonious supply of that energy which is our mental pabulum, the source of our life and of all progress, and will probably be an advantage in the long run.

There remains the case of pain by exhaustion ; by hunger, thirst or cold. Here there is no apparent reception of energy, and in such pain it is not easy to recognize any advantage.

But if we arrive by other lines of reasoning at the conclusion that God exists, and that He is good and absolute ; and if we find that many things which appear at first sight to be evil can be reconciled with His goodness, we may fairly infer that many other things which still appear to be evil would prove to be

equally reconcilable if our knowledge of the conditions were more extended.

The theory that the whole of what appears to us to be evil would change its aspect if our minds could grasp the entire cosmos ; if we could see the connection of every minutest and most superficial fact with every other fact and with the great central fountain of activity, is consistent with the theory of a good and absolute God, and it is therefore possible to hold both these theories together. But the co-existence of real evil with a good and absolute God is not possible ; one of these two propositions must be abandoned.

Yet the evidence of the existence of one controlling Force which must be living, conscious, good and absolute because these attributes exist and there is no other possible explanation of them, is altogether overpowering. The logical presumption is always on the side of the possible as against the impossible, and therefore in this case it is on the side of the non-existence of real evil and the absolute supremacy of a living God.

Thus we may comprehend that the sin, suffering and pain which we call by the name of "evil," and which in our narrow and limited purview seem inconsistent with the character of a benignant God, may be in truth great gifts to humanity, ladders by which we climb the steep ascent of Development towards the wonderful climacterics which gleam above us.

To the question, "Why did not a benignant God create us all in a state of happy perfectness at once? why must we go through this process of development? no answer can be given. We cannot tell why God exists, why He should be benignant, or why we have been brought into this state of conscious life.

We know that these things are, and we have good reason to believe that all activity is in the wave-form, which implies development. We can also perceive that such a condition of the universe may have its source in a benignant God without inconsistency or contradiction of terms; and further that the existence of such a God is the

only rational explanation of the universe which we are able to discover. Beyond this it does not seem possible for human thought to penetrate.

My little one ! the keen heart-cleaving edge
Of grief has bitten deep into your life.
Yet fear not, darling ! Nay, I see the gleam
Of strong calm faith even in those tear-brimmed eyes.
You and I, mother and child, can surely face
A dark world, and a future bleak and bare,
In the great cause of Right, because we know
There is no loss in serving duty and love.

Yes, he will surely die. I dare not flatter
Your faithful love with an impossible hope.
"Can I do nothing ? Will no sacrifice
"Appease insatiate Death ?" You can do this :
Go to him brightly, keep some hope in him
Though there be none for you. The fatal knowledge
Can no way help him. Let him slip out of life
Into the arms of God as though he slept.

The pure kind crystal snow has laid her veil
 Over Earth's dark deeds and the filth of life.
 "Forgiven!" she says. "Lift up the thankful soul!
 "Forward, O trusting hearts! and let the past
 "Be as the golden gate to nobler futures."
 And the lone thrush upon the desolate elm
 Swells his rich throat and leads the choir of praise.

Rejected! All the gold of my true love
 Cast recklessly away! yet she is noble.
 I have not worshipped at a worthless shrine.
 Noble and lost! With what a burden of pain
 One word may crush a living soul! God's light
 Seems withered; all the common joy of earth
 A thing unknown, uncared for. Let me die.
 And yet I lift again with manly will
 And firm-set lips a resolute front to life!
 Crushed but not beaten. There are deeds to do,
 Labours that wait for some inspired hand
 Strong from the rack of suffering. These be mine.

Yea, fling your gibes, my fellow countrymen !
 But I stand here to warn you, as earth warns
 With thunders from below of coming ruin.
 You who have children, hear me for their sakes.
 'Tis the old cry, Mammon and Baal worship
 Devour our loftier life, and those bright heads
 Which shine like stars around your hearths shall
 surely

Be bowed with grief ere age has whitened them
 If the plague be not stopped. O friends, look up !
 The grovelling earth has no such charm as Light
 Spreads o'er the blue-robed sky. The lifted eyes
 Will take the soul up with them. Larger vision
 And brighter hopes and tenderer speech shall win
 The young hearts round us to some nobler thought
 And manlier living. Let us not curse the world.
 'Tis a good world, a fair and friendly home
 For human childhood, yet not large enough
 For aspirations that stretch out towards heaven.

To lock our souls up in this nursery,
 With brutes for play fellows and bread for food,
 When the infinite sphere of past and future life
 Lies just outside, with banquets of rich thought
 Spread for all comers, were rank suicide.
 Leave that for madmen. We are sane this day.
 Come ! turn the key and let us take our birthright.

Here on the brink of this vast precipice,
The seething sea a thousand feet below,
And death so easy, human littleness
Appals me. Were I mightier than the mountains
I would not fear to dash away my life
And all the miseries that make life a torture,
With some sure hope that somewhere in the dark
The soul finds rest. But in that gulf to fling
So small an atom—'twere too perilous !

Ah, rather let me sweep from this free brain
The morbid and impatient incubus
That prompts such thought. Firm on the brink
I stand,
Grasping the flagstaff of my liberty
That points to heaven, with the light touch of trust.

XIV.

BEAUTY.

SHALL we venture to analyze that which is the cynosure of Art and the joy of life? Is it desecration to lift the mystic veil in which Beauty has been so long enshrouded? Truth, "by which no man ever yet was injured," cannot desecrate with her pure touch even the holiest of holies, nor can any unveiling make Beauty less divine. What is this subtle element which we have named but seem so little to understand, which we rejoice in without knowing how or why? Artists and philosophers have endeavoured to define it. It has been said to lie in curvature, in smoothness and softness, in definite proportions, in harmonies of forms and colours; but all such definitions are superficial.

It is in the first place essential to distinguish between Beauty and the Beautiful. These two conceptions are not synonymous, but are related to each other as effect and cause.

Beauty is a word which stands in the same general category as Courage, Wisdom, Truth, Justice, &c. It is the name for an abstract Idea, a mental conception which has a special and peculiar character appreciable by the conscious mind but quite indescribable because of that unique speciality. Beauty is Beauty. There is nothing more to be said of it. It is possible to describe objects which give rise to the idea of Beauty, but it is not possible to describe the idea itself. No abstract ideas can be described because the attributes of each are unique, and as they have no relation to the idea of space they have neither form nor colour. A stone being a concrete idea may be described as white, hard and heavy, but whiteness, hardness, and heaviness being abstract ideas, do not admit of description.

These abstract ideas can only exist in the consciousness in presence of certain concrete ideas which being due to the influence of the non-ego have relation to the idea of space, and therefore give rise to ideas of form and colour (*have* form and colour, we are accus-

tomed to say). We can repeat the word "courage," but the idea does not present itself unless memory recalls the idea of some courageous person. Then we recognise what courage means, the abstract idea arises in consciousness and produces its effect upon the emotions.

So "Beauty" is a mere word to us except in presence of the ideas of certain objects, and such objects as kindle this abstract conception we call "beautiful." Objects may be beautiful, living beings may be courageous, conduct may be just; but Beauty, Courage, Justice are the abstract and formless conceptions of the mind, called into existence by a certain group of concrete ideas.

Many different actions may give rise to the idea of Courage, many different forms to the idea of Beauty. What are the characteristics of those forms which give rise to the idea of Beauty?

In the first place their outlines or their colours or their lights and shades must be *varied*. A succession of different sensations, a continuous flow of change, is essential to

the mind's vigorous activity. The faculty of Attention must be kept awake, and change stimulates while monotony deadens it. In the second place these changes must not be so violent or so unusual that the mind is unable to recognise their relation to each other. The simultaneous recognition of Unity, or relationship, and of Variety, or difference, is a necessary condition of the up-rising of the idea of Beauty. There must be ordered change, and so ordered that the mind perceives both the change and the order of it. All minds are not equally sensitive to the idea of Beauty. Some require more variety, others are less capable of perceiving Unity, while in some all abstract ideas are recognised but feebly. Culture increases the vividness of abstract ideas, makes subtle relationships more perceptible, and minimizes the necessity for variety; hence the cultured mind finds Beauty and enjoys the delight of true admiration, where the rude and ignorant remain unmoved.

The perception of Unity among a group

of sensations depends upon the recognition of their relationship to each other, or to some common and inclusive sensation. The most important, if not the sole element in this relationship, is a numerical one. It is a question of proportion, and proportions which are numerically simple are more easily grasped by the mind than those which are complex. When variations of form or of colour bear such simple relations to each other as $1:2 - 3:4 - 1:5$, &c., the unity among them is easily perceived, but when they stand in such proportions as $3:78 - 17:119 - 4:352$, even the cultured mind has difficulty in rapidly grasping the relationship.

These proportional relations may exist between lines of various lengths, between angular spaces, surfaces, curves, masses, &c., and between the wave-lengths of coloured light rays, as it is well known that they exist also among the wave-lengths of musical notes; and it is a curious fact that the mind is able to appreciate these proportional relations, to which we give the name of "harmony," and to develop from them the

idea of Beauty without being actually conscious of the process. We recognise what is harmonious in form, sound, or colour, without knowing why it is so. It is only after careful analysis that we discover the meaning of harmony in all cases to be variety with unity. That the idea of Beauty so readily responds to the effect on the mind of curved outlines depends upon the fact that these imply perpetual change with simple relationships.

The idea of Beauty is probably uniform and invariable, but there are other abstract ideas which accompany it according to the combination of sensations by which it is kindled.

If the unity of any group of forms is more conspicuous than the variety, there arises the idea of Symmetry ; if the variety overpowers without destroying the unity, the idea of Picturesqueness is produced. If the variety is so violent that the unity becomes imperceptible, we call it Chaos ; if on the contrary there is unity alone without variety, the result is Monotony. These last

two conditions do not call out the idea of Beauty at all. When the variety is so strange and violent, that the mind cannot recognise the relation of the parts to each other, while yet it is evident that such a relation ought to exist, the painful struggle to discover it gives rise to the idea of discord or ugliness.

Forms which undergo a gradual change of grouping may of course, although at one time ugly, become afterwards beautiful. This is palpably the condition of all organic forms, probably of inorganic forms also, though their change is often too slow to be perceptible.

Every organic form, being a concentrating wave of force, is perpetually changing the grouping of its parts, and always with a tendency to bring them into closer relationship. The result is that an organism becomes more beautiful as it progresses towards maturity, and especially at certain epochs in its development.

When in any complex wave one of its component waves approaches its maximum concentration, the parts of that component

wave come into such close relationship that the mind readily recognises this unity, and the idea of Beauty at once arises.

This process is distinctly illustrated in the human organism. A newly born child is generally not a very beautiful object. The head and limbs and features are often out of proportion to each other, and seem chaotic if not ugly. But as the cellular wave comes to its early climax at four or five years of age, the exquisite harmony of all parts of the childish form gives us the keenest and most delightful sense of Beauty. This is followed, as the cellular wave runs slowly down, by some years of awkward and ungainly growth, and then by the new beauty of adolescence as the Osseous wave reaches its climax and the internal framework is completed. After this comes the epoch of the Fibrous wave when the muscular system reaches perfection, and the mature man or woman stands in full physical completeness. Lastly, as the great Nervous wave swells upward, it crowns the organism with the sublime beauty of intellect, of ordered thought, and strong but controlled emotion.

It is thus clear that, in the organic world, that a form should be distinctly beautiful must indicate that the whole wave or some component part of it is at or near its climacteric ; that the appearance of Beauty is the mark of maturity ; and that this fact may be turned to account by science in forming systems of classification. For what is true of the individual in this matter, is true also of the species, the genus, the family, the order.

We are now in a position to recognise thankfully that no unveiling can make Beauty less divine. If the idea of Beauty depends upon the recognition of the relationship among a group of forms ; if such relationship is only recognised by our human minds when numerically simple : if culture perpetually enlarges the perception so that less simple relations can be grasped and Beauty found in widening circles as the power of the mind increases ; if all forms throughout the entire cosmos are phases of force-waves included within the one infinite wave which is God ; does not this imply that in the

consciousness of God all relationships are recognised, and that to Him Beauty is universal ?

Even in the drooping of a single bough
From one lone tree, there hangs such grace and beauty,
That he who has an eye made bright with love
May build God's heaven upon that slender base.

Not ivy only for the old church tower
But playful eglantine and venturous hop,
Roses and clematis, and all bright flowers
That climb towards heaven where Beauty hath its home.

An ugly toad instead of Fairy folk
Under these ferns ! what do you here old fellow ?
Are you a fairy in disguise ? Or does
The daylight spoil what the pure moon creates ?

The loveliest things, those which come nearest to the beauty of heaven, are not sombre, scarcely even pathetic, but full of rich and varied and joy-inspiring light. * * *

We entered a winding dale among low hills, and passing in a blind abstracted mood the first bend of the little musical stream, were suddenly called back to Nature by a vision of supremest beauty. We had discovered one of her private studios, decorated with exquisite taste. On the left of the shallow stream, fringed with blue skull-cap and white arrow-head, a sloping bank of fine short grass dotted with bits of rock and tufts of lady-fern and clusters of pink cyclamen, fell back about twenty paces to a belt of dark hollies and weeping birches, in the shade of which the dew still lingered though it was early August and only two hours before noon. A few old birches stood out upon the grass, casting delicate shadows, and showing lovely outlines against the shining sky. On the right rose a triumphant pyramid of colour. The cliff, broken into ledges, with small projecting aiguilles of grey rock, swept upwards at a steep angle to some forty feet above the stream; and here nature had proved what splendour she could bring about by the combination of brilliant hues with strong aspiring forms. Purple Loosestrife, yellow St. John's-wort and white Meadow-sweet fringed the base between the rock and water, with a single plant of the great Water Dock spreading its grand foliage at

their feet. Tall blue Campanula, Rose-bay Willow-herb, Golden Rod, and Mullein, rose above like coloured flames from masses of ivy and clematis clinging about the rocks ; while at the very summit a rich group of Foxgloves, with scarlet Poppies among their broad grey leaves, completed and crowned the lovely picture.

The full sunlight on this gorgeous cliff, contrasted with the mellow shade on the green bank opposite, made up a scene so wonderful and brilliant that we were "rooted to the spot" like trees, and joy-tears dimmed our eyes.

Spring in the fields and the garden !
Spring on the sunny hills !
And a joy that cannot be spoken
Runs in the dancing rills.

See, here are the daisies, my Jenny,
And here are the harebells blue ;
And oh ! but I love you Jenny,
Little wife so trusty and true !

Yes, let him roll and be happy,
His merry eyes sing like a bird,
For baby was born in the spring-time,
And his wakening soul is stirred,

Stirred with a music we hear not,
A far off sound of delight,
From wings that are softly unfolding
And buds that are bursting to light.

Spring for the children, my Jenny,
But summer for me and for you !
Those hours of fickle beauty
Thank God, we have long passed through

XV.

GOODNESS.

CAN the human mind attain to any loftier stand-point than the recognition of Beauty, or be thrilled with any finer emotion than the *admiration* with which the idea of Beauty is always accompanied? Yes, there is yet one still loftier height, one nobler sentiment; it is the recognition of the Good, and the sublime reverence which follows. The idea of Goodness like that of Beauty is one of those abstract ideas which are beyond the reach of any consciousness of lower grade than man's, and Goodness like Beauty cannot be defined because it is unique and has no analogue. It has a meaning to the conscious soul, and we can say of various acts and feelings that they are "good," but the idea to which in all their variety they equally give rise is undefinable. If any man does not know what goodness means he must remain ignorant until culture has enlarged his mental

capacity. Reverence is the emotion which inevitably follows the recognition of the idea of Goodness. As we delight in Beauty, so we worship Goodness. As admiration inspires us with delightful joy, so reverence fills the soul with a grand, a noble, a profound yearning to be in harmony with the goodness which we behold. This reverential yearning is the basis of our moral life; the impulse which we call the "ought," the "must;" the standard of Duty.

The idea of Rightness is in one sense synonymous with that of Goodness. Both words have, however, come to be used in several distinct meanings, especially the word Right, and this has led to immense confusion in moral philosophy.

When we speak of a right action we are not using the word in the same sense as when we speak of a right feeling or emotion. The same action may be right or wrong according to circumstances; there is no rule of action without a possible exception, whereas a right emotion is always right and can never be otherwise. The emotion of rever-

ence which inevitably follows the idea of goodness, and which is generally qualified by the emotions following the other abstract ideas which may accompany the idea of goodness, as those of courage, charity, love justice, &c., can never be a wrong emotion. But when a man gives money to a beggar, or whips his child, or speaks what is not true, or slays a robber, these actions may be right or may be wrong,—there is no absolute rule. The rightness or wrongness depends upon whether or not the action is the physically correct means of attaining an abstractly right end, that is, an end dictated by a right emotion, and this question must be decided by the always fallible judgment. If the judgment decides in the affirmative the actor is *morally* right, but if the judgment has erred the act itself is *physically* wrong.

When we say that a man has a right to anything, as for instance to his property, his liberty, or his vote, we can only mean that to let him have it is the physically correct means of attaining an abstractly right end, and as here also the question must be decided by the

fallible human judgment there can be no final certainty about it, and no such thing as an "inalienable social right" can exist.

These distinctions in the use of the word Right are almost universally ignored, but until they are fully appreciated there can be no correct reasoning upon morals or politics.

A good action is one, the contemplation of which rouses the idea of goodness. Actions which do this are mostly altruistic but not necessarily so. Self-regarding actions, when they are the result of a desire to make the ego nobler, a desire roused by that emotion of reverence which accompanies the idea of goodness, are good in the highest sense.

The true basis of ethics is this natural fundamental and necessary emotion of reverence for the good; an emotion which is one of the inevitable attributes of the human soul, and the intensity of which increases with the development of mind and character. Morality is not a mere utilitarian product of social life; it is the necessary outcome of the unfolding of the human force-wave, a blossoming of the beautiful human nature, which the conditions

of social life stimulate indeed, as the warm sunshine stimulates the rose-bud, but which under any conditions will sooner or later rise to its climacteric, and display its full beauty to the world.

Ay, take, old warrior, thy shield and blade,
Let the faithful mail on thy breast be laid,
And the plume on thy brazen helm.
Go, with the blessing of God and home,
Strike down the tyrannous hand of Rome,
And guard great Freedom's realm.

Not with the cheer of the boastful boy,
Thy heart is as brave, but thou know'st no joy
In the terrible battle-shock.
Yet thou wilt lead in the deadliest day,
Rush with the onset, strike in the fray,
Or stand like a granite rock.

Life hath taught thee the beauty of Right,
And thou waitest, old watchman, day and night,
For the flash of her signal flame.
Calm and strong, with a glad clear eye,
Ready to live or ready to die
For duty not for fame.

A waste of waters and a drowning ship,
And from the bridge one solitary voice
Cheers the last boat, content to die alone.
"Cut the line! Quick! Ay, pull her off, my lads!
"Still, still she lies within the clutch of Death.
"Save them, boys! Pull your hearts out, but don't fail
"Now in the last stern struggle!"

Praised be the Lord that we have reared five sons
And lost them in the cause of Liberty!
That we have lived to lay their brave brown heads
Under the turf where England's heroes sleep.
That they, the tender darlings of our home,
Shrank not when duty called, but with strong arms
And loyal hearts fronted the foe and fell!

The butcher's daughter, strong in love and beauty,
She wields the cleaver while the old man sleeps,
And does it deftly, glad to give such help
Where such sweet debts are due. Her well-built figure,
Her dainty head and rich brown hair betray
Some unknown strain of gentle blood. A lady
In speech and bearing, yet a faithful child
To parents old, unlettered, and rough-handed.
Too nobly proud to fear the world's contempt,
Full in its gaze she does her simple work
With kindly grace, and the rude block becomes
God's altar wreathed with love.

XVI.

TRUTH.

HERE is another of those wonderful abstract Ideas which are the highest form, within our knowledge, to which concentrating energy can attain. Truth has often been bracketted with Beauty and Goodness as one of a supreme Trio. But it does not actually stand upon the same level with them. Goodness and Beauty are absolute sovereigns in the realm of humanity. King and Queen by indisputable right, their throne is shared by none. Truth is the gateway which leads into their presence, the one only gateway, which, if a man will see his King and Queen, he must needs pass through.

That which is true is necessarily beautiful to an all-penetrating eye, because beauty is universal, but to our limited perception the beauty of truth is not always recognisable.

The abstract ideas of Beauty and Goodness can, however, only be reached in presence

of concrete ideas which appear to us to be in some sense true. The idea of Truth arises in the mind in the presence of ideas which we perceive to be harmoniously related to other ideas concerning which we have already either knowledge or confirmed belief. The whole body of ideas with which we are familiar from frequent perception constitutes what is for us "the universe," "things as they are," "the facts of nature." A new idea is instantly compared with this body of familiar ideas, or with some part of them. If it is perceived to be harmoniously related to them the idea of Truth is evoked, and we say that the new idea is true. If no relation can be recognised sufficiently close to give rise to the idea of Unity, we say that it is false. If I am told that a horse is usually smaller than a dog, the idea does not accord with my notion of the facts of Nature, with the body of ideas with which I am familiar. I cannot perceive that this new idea is related to them, I cannot incorporate it into my conception of the universe, I call it false. And since Beauty depends upon the perception

of relationship, that which is recognised as false can never be beautiful. On the other hand, whatever appears to us to be true possesses already one element of beauty, although the relationship may not in all cases be such as to give rise to that idea.

The idea of truth is not followed by any such emotion as accompanies the ideas of Beauty and Goodness. We do not admire or revere the idea of Truth itself, although being so frequently the precursor of those higher ideas, the emotions due to them are often attributed to it. We may seek the Truth merely from the impulse of that desire which we call curiosity. A mind which does this may attain to a very wide perception of the facts of nature, the body of familiar ideas may be large and complex, the man may be learned in all science, and yet he may get very little joy out of his learning, may be but little moved by admiration or reverence, because he is not readily sensitive to the ideas of Beauty and Goodness. But one who is familiar with his King and Queen, who knows what it is to revere and to

admire, and is habitually impelled by those loftiest emotions, will seek Truth more eagerly than the man who is only scientific, and every new truth revealed to him will be a joy and an inspiration ; his science will blossom into wisdom.

Hail to the Queen of May !
 No cloud on our sky to-day !
 Not a tear nor a sigh,
 They are all laid by
 For the sake of our Queen of May.

All hearts are content to say
 She only is Queen of the May !
 The brightest, the sweetest,
 The best and discreetest,
 We crown her with love this day.

" O friends and companions dear,
 My glad heart quakes with fear ;
 As at night's dread bar
 Some trembling star
 With its crown of crystal clear.

" My best is yours, and your eyes
 Love-lit are my noblest prize.
 Give me your hands—
 ' Throughout all time and lands
 We swear to be true to the truth, and to
 fight against lies ! ' "

Baited and badgered by the hungry wolves,
With vigilant paw the Lion holds his own.
He spreads no unearned banquet, sets no crown
On empty heads, but with an honest eye
Looks flattery in the face and dares be true.
"Back to your lairs, ye pestilent crowd ! My people
Bleed not for you. The old Augæan floor
Still reeks. I would I were a Hercules
To sweep it ; or an Æsculapius
To drive out parasites with a drastic purge.
God give me nerve in this right arm, and vision
To pierce the intriguer's mask, and we shall yet
Tow into port this grand old Temeraire ! "

XVII.

HAPPINESS.

Is it true, as Pope maintains, that happiness is "our being's end and aim?" Pope was a true poet and a noble philosopher. In his "Essay on Man" are thoughts which were greatly in advance of his age, and many passages of supreme poetic beauty; but he did not see that there was any higher motive of human action than the pursuit of happiness.

Yet it is plain that in men's noblest deeds, in their moments of sublimest inspiration and devotion, no question of happiness is in any way concerned. It is not in the pursuit of happiness that a man leaps into the water to save a drowning child. The real impulse comes from the emotion of reverence for the Right. He sees the drowning child. The idea of saving it evokes the idea of Right. The energy which passes from that idea to the emotion

of reverence passes on as an impulse to action, and the deed is done. This is that compelling force which we call Duty. It is the highest, and to a morally cultured mind the strongest motive force by which man's conduct is guided. Happiness arises from the perception of complete relationship between our actions and our ideas of Right and Beauty. As these ideas become more and more familiar to the developing mind the capacity for happiness increases; and as the compelling force of reverence for Right is, among civilized men and women, really and actually the mainspring of their daily actions, a general state of happiness is their normal condition.

The word Happiness is very vaguely and inaccurately used, like nearly every word which expresses an abstract idea. It is constantly confused with pleasure, which is derived from the harmony of simple sensational ideas, but the two are quite distinct. A man may have little pleasure and yet abundant happiness, and *vice versa*.

Some persons suppose that human life

is mostly miserable. It is a huge mistake. To ninety-nine persons out of every hundred life is extremely pleasant and enjoyable. Pleasure and Happiness accompany them from their up-rising to their down-going. It is pleasant to wash in the morning, to look out of the window, to see the breakfast table, to speak to those we love, to eat, to drink, to walk. Nearly every moment of healthy life is pleasurable. Pains, troubles, disappointments occur at intervals, and more frequently to some than to others, but their exceptional nature is witnessed both by the strong impression which they make for a short time, and by their disappearance in the dim distance of the past. The normal harmony of sensations makes our ordinary life pleasurable, and the harmony of action with duty, which is normal also among civilized races, crowns it with happiness.

That our conduct is mostly actuated by a sense of duty will probably be disputed. It is true, however, in the case of the great majority of persons in civilized communities. To the hundreds of small questions which are

put to us every day our natural impulse is to answer truly. The scores of little services which every one is daily asked to render to those about him are performed willingly as a matter of course. Small acts of self-denial and of helpfulness, of love and kindly forethought, are of hourly occurrence in every family. The bulk of life is made up of these small items, and the guiding impulse through them all is the sense of duty which has become habitual, and therefore almost unrecognised.

The aim of life, the end and object of development, is to bring the soul to that condition in which it will be supremely sensitive to the ideas of Beauty and Right, and to the emotions of admiration and reverence, and in which these emotions will in all cases be the prevailing motive force regulating conduct. Happiness is a sun-bright Angel waiting on the paths of Duty, and strewing them everywhere with flowers of joy. But she is not our cynosure, she is but a hand-maiden in the court of Right and Beauty at whose thrones we worship.

Ah, Mary darling, what a pile
Of little clothes to mend !
Your busy fingers seem to know
No pause, no rest, no end.

Why, John dear, what should mothers do
But work and laugh and sing ?
And while I work I laugh all day,
'Tis such a happy thing

To watch this crowd of sunny heads,
Like daisies in the spring,
And hear their merry voices make
The room with music ring !

A village life among the fields and farms,
A life of labour on the fruitful land,
And at the last, too old and weak to earn
Even the poor pittance of a labourer's wage,
Unwillingly he claims his last resource
The parish dole, and keeps the parish roads.
But the long years of quiet thought have taught him
That there is nothing in this world so strong
As human will, nothing so beautiful
As a pure human life, nothing that man
Should fear or weep for if his soul were wise
In youth as age ; and so the old man takes
His meagre crust in thankfulness, and shares it
With bright-eyed birds, and dogs, and village children,
Not cheerful only, but with lighted eyes
And lifted brow touched with the beams of heaven.

XVIII.

FREE WILL.

It is said that if a hungry man has a dinner before him, he can choose whether he will eat it or not, and that his choice is not determined by any necessary law, but is a matter of absolutely free will. This implies that man's will is an originating cause of energy. For all action is an expression of energy, and if the energy which causes desire for food has to be checked or guided, it must be by the operation of some opposing energy. If the checking or the guidance is effected by energy already existing in the mind as some opposing desire, the choice is determined by this opposing desire and is not free. If it is effected without any such already existing energy, then the human will creates energy for the purpose. But that any additional energy should be introduced into the universe is diametrically opposed to the well-established law of the conservation of energy. Thus

from the scientific point of view the doctrine of the freedom of the will is inadmissible. It is equally inadmissible from a theistic point of view. If God is omnipotent there can be nothing else in the universe which is uncontrolled, and an uncontrolled freedom of choice is therefore impossible. To say that God voluntarily gave to man absolute power within the small region of human will, is merely to say that God is no longer omnipotent.

The primary ground on which the doctrine of free will is based is, that the majority of men and women feel themselves to be free agents. But close thought and careful observation so clearly show that this feeling arises from defective insight, from not looking deeply enough into our real motives, that the notion would be abandoned by all cultured minds if it were not for the part which free will plays in the scheme of what is called "orthodox" Christianity. Abandon the doctrine of free will, and this scheme can only be maintained as a repulsive and incredible Calvinism in which God becomes a monster, creating

myriads of conscious beings, helplessly destined from the beginning to eternal torture.

But theologies which are not founded upon scientific truth inevitably die out. Science cannot possibly admit that man's will is a creator of energy, and if this doctrine is essential to Christianity, Christianity is doomed.

In fact however it is not essential to Christianity, in so far as Christianity represents character rather than doctrine. Nor is it in any way essential to the fullest belief in a God who is all-wise, all-potent, and all-good ; who is the origin of all energy, and the guide of all development on inevitable lines of Beauty and Right.

What does man want with a free will ? What would he gain by being able to do that which he was not intended to do ? As a child of God he is one with the crystal and the flower and the bird, only that as the flower lives on a higher level than the crystal, and the bird on a higher level than the flower, so man's life is high above them both ; longer, larger, more intense, more beautiful, but not less absolutely controlled and guided to its inevitable destiny.

The "orthodox" Christian will ask "What then becomes of man's responsibility?" and the answer is that responsibility as commonly understood is a fiction. "Why then do we punish the criminal?" Because we are still very ignorant, and act in accordance with our ignorance. As we grow wiser we see that the criminal needs help, not vengeful chastisement, and our prisons of the future will be what indeed they are slowly becoming even now, reformatories and industrial schools.

I met to-day upon the sunny road
Two weather-beaten tramps, a homely pair.
The woman tall and tanned, the ragged man
With pipe and battered hat and broken shoes,
A hopeless vagrant. What his childhood was,
Or how to man's estate he scrambled up
Along life's muddiest lanes—the tale is written,
Tenderly written, in the Angel's book.

This is more serious, please your Majesty,
A murderer's death-warrant. Your noble heart
Shrinks from the painful duty, but the law
Demands it.

And the unwritten law of conscience
As strenuously forbids. We make the murderer,
Leave him to grow a wild and profitless weed
In this fair garden, and to hide our crime
Sink to his level, and would murder too.
I will not sign it. 'Tis the Throne's prerogative
To bear high witness to the purest right.

But this vile wretch is, like a raging beast,
A danger to the people, and to keep him
Out of harm's way a burden on the good.

God hath made nothing common or unclean.
What we have fouled 'tis ours to sweeten. No !
I will not sign. The basest criminal
Is still our brother. Let this man be kept
To hard productive toil, and taught to know
The wicked wrong he did ; but he shall live,
And at my personal charge. See to it, my Lord.
The people hate these old bloodthirsty laws,
They will approve this act, and I am here
Not to do wrong for wrong, but sternly right.

XIX.

IMMORTALITY.

IF a man die shall he live again? This is the question of the ages for the solution of which all hearts have yearned. Theology in nearly every form has answered "yes"; but if you ask on what ground it answers with such confidence, it offers you arguments which are palpably untrustworthy. The world is finding out that it can no longer believe anything without scientific evidence. What has Science to say on the question of a future life for man? Materialistic Science says definitely "No. Man is a mammal whose consciousness perishes with the destruction of the brain. Let him live for the good of humanity. The race continues, but the individual dies out." And as materialistic science spreads, the expectation of any life beyond the grave grows dim. Yet the heart of humanity is not content. The love and the poetry within us whisper "If we had had the making of the universe we could not

have done it thus. We could not have lighted this aspiring flame of hope to be extinguished at the grave. Are we better, kinder, more generous than God?" And then there is rebellion against science. Intellect and emotion are not at one. There must needs be a fallacy in the argument somewhere. It lies not in the science, but in the exclusiveness of the materialism. Matter exists, and the laws of matter as discovered by scientists are mainly true. The fallacy lies in maintaining that matter and energy are distinct entities, and the discrepancy resolves itself when energy is regarded as the one only substance, matter as an attribute of energy, or rather as the result of the interaction of force-waves.

If mind is an attribute of brain, when there is no brain there can be no mind; but if on the contrary, brain is one of the effects of a force-wave of special character, it is conceivable that the force-wave may continue, though that particular effect should cease to be produced. Thus the force-wave theory, without denying the reality of matter, makes the existence of mind independent of

it and superior to it, and opens up a scientific possibility of future life. But then the materialist will ask, "Where is the evidence of existence beyond death?" We have no positive evidence. If we expect it, it is as an inference only, having more or less of probability according to the weight we give to certain arguments.

Materialism excludes the possibility, and there the question ends. Our theory makes future life possible, and therefore the probability may be argued.

We have seen that from our point of view man is not a mammal, but a new class in the animal kingdom, standing on a plane at least as far above the mammal as the mammal is above the reptile.

We have seen also that every organism has the germs within it of four great waves of force which culminate successively, and that the life of the organism is not normally finished until all these waves have reached the climacterics possible to them. We have seen further, that while in the animal kingdom the Mollusks and Insects represent the

climax of the cellular wave, the Amphibians and Reptiles that of the osseous wave, and the Birds and Mammals that of the fibrous or muscular wave, man represents the rise of the great culminating nervous wave, which also must advance to its climacteric, probably, from man's many imperfections, yet far off in the distant ages of the future.

But as man represents in the animal kingdom the rising into prominence of the nervous force-wave, so each individual man must exhibit the same succession of climacterics, and his life will not be normally completed until the whole of them have found their full expression. Now all the past history of man, to the extreme verge of pre-historic records, shows but a single type, a single genus, the first form in this new class. There must be many other forms yet to come. The changes from the monotreme and the marsupial to the complete mammal, from the hipparion to the modern horse, from the achæopterix to the bird are large and marked. No such progress has yet been shown in man. It is probable therefore that the great wave of

humanity is yet only in its earliest stage, rising towards the climacteric of its cellular phase, and that far nobler developments of it are still enfolded as hidden germs among its complex forces, as the branching oak is hidden in the acorn. If this be so, the probabilities for each individual will be the same as for the race, and if each individual human life is yet only in its cellular stage, its epoch of infancy, it is at least possible that it reaches here the first of its beautiful climacterics, and passing at death into the ascending current of the second phase, sweeps onward and upward in the normal organic sequence, through a succession of developments, which may represent an immeasurable futurity of progress.

Such a prospect says nothing for absolute immortality. It rather indicates that an end must come at last, though that end may be yet at an incalculable distance. But it is a prospect which will satisfy the yearning heart of humanity, and harmonise with the noblest theology ; and if we can look up with a glad reverence and trust to an omnipotent Father, we may be sure that extinction will not come as long as the hope of life remains.

An ancient grave-yard, kirk and manse and farm
Gone and forgotten ; only a ruined tomb
And three worn headstones and one shattered tree.
The rest a wilderness of bush and blossom,
Blue meadow cranes-bill, mallows pink and purple,
Roses and hedge-bells, and the long sweet grass
That scents the summer air. Life burying death
Beneath exuberant beauty. Two young lovers
Wild with new joy are singing in the sun,
The broken tomb their throne in paradise.

Is the morn come, or am I dreaming still ?
 An iris-light
Rosy and blue with beauty seems to fill
 My chamber white,
And through the panes I see the far green hill
 All golden bright !

XX.

LOVE.

HERE is one of those will-o'-the-wisps which elude the man of Science, and for which he cannot find a place in any material cosmogony. Love is in one sense the *alpha* and in another sense the *omega* of the law of evolution, for love is that attribute of energy which we know so well in the ego, and to which, when we infer its existence in the non-ego, we give the name of Attraction. It is that drawing together which is perhaps the primal form of motion, and which is the same in nature whether it be exhibited between the waves of oxygen and hydrogen, of husband and wife, of child and mother, or of creature and Creator. We cannot tell why the attraction between oxygen and potassium should be stronger than between oxygen and gold. The attraction which we *know* is a mental phenomenon which follows the presence of ideas whether con-

crete or abstract, and takes the form either of a desire or an emotion, a yearning towards something. It is an original attribute of energy, and beyond that we cannot inquire. We recognise in the non-ego an analogous phenomenon and we give it the same generic name. But the form of attraction to which we give the specific name of Love, when we use the word in its highest sense, is an emotion only, not a desire; it is the emotion of admiration which waits upon the idea of Beauty, blended with the emotion of reverence which attends the idea of Goodness. We do not love anything in this highest sense unless we recognise in it something which is beautiful and something which is good. The development of these emotions to their maximum is the end of life, the omega of evolution; and if Pope's well-known line had been "O Love, our being's noblest end and aim," his philosophy would have risen to the highest level which thought has hitherto imagined.

True culture consists in the increase of the mind's perceptivity for Beauty and Right,

and of its sensitiveness to the emotions of admiration and reverence. A man may be learned and yet not cultured. Learning helps culture, but it is no substitute for it. The cultured man sees more of the beauty of the world and is more moved with admiration than the uncultured or the merely learned. His view of nature is wider and more penetrating ; and as he sees the hidden beauty even under the rugged husk of the drunkard and the thief, as he recognises the oneness of humanity, the brotherhood of high and low, the extreme smallness of the difference which separates the best man from the worst, he is able to admire the marvellous human soul under all disguises, and his love flows out in ever widening circles towards all the creatures of God, and rises in sublimest adoration to the all-beautiful and all-good Creator.

The nightingale sings by the hawthorn flower,
 And the lover dreams below:—
 "My love is a star in a sun-lit sky,
 A form too fair and a soul too high
 Love's littleness to know!"

Buried among his books, his levelled eyes
 Peering deep down into life's mystery,
 While the pen waits for impulse on the page
 Half written, every brain-cell vibrating
 In the fierce heat of thought; sudden he hears
 A sound of pattering feet, the study door
 Flies open, and a crowd of childish tongues
 Cry "Father! see! we've found a spotted egg!"

The soul-rapt eyes relent, the smile of welcome
 Wakes on his lips, and though the thread is broken,
 The costly thoughts that cannot be recalled
 Are scattered, love he knows is costlier still.
 He doubts not, chides not, but with open arms
 Clasps the sweet forms and gives his best for love.

This is your Nellie's birthday morn !
'Tis fifteen years since I was born,
Dear mother, in this happy nest,
A budding flower on your sweet breast.
Your love, like some enchanting tune,
Has led me on from June to June,
And scarce a cloud on life's bright ways
Has ever dimmed the sunny days.
Oh what a love was that which spread
Its sheltering wings about my head,
And every doubtful step sustained,
And never wearied, never waned,
But year by year, and day by day,
Laid smiles and roses round my way !
Now, mother dear, my hands are strong,
My feet are firm, my heart is true ;
The love you gave to me so long,
Your faithful Nell shall give to you.

Love, we have no secrets, you and I,
But here is a letter, a pitiful cry
From the heart of a friend, which I must not show
Not even to you ! Can you trust me so ?
Will you let me keep it until I see
That all may be told between you and me ?
"The strongest thing in the heavens above,
Or the living earth is a true heart's love !
I would trust my soul in your keeping, dear,
For perfect love casteth out fear.
If you should wrong me my love would hold,
For under the dross I should see the gold.
If you were false, which you never will be,
Your inmost soul would be true to me.
O child of God, I should trust you and love you,
Though the angry universe thundered above you."

Knowing that poison
Was mixed in the bowl,
He seized the gold goblet
And quaffed down the whole.
"Fool!" say'st thou? Be silent!
The strong-handed soul
Shall mount the fierce lightning
And flash to its goal.

Harmless the poison cup,
Tempests obey,
When Love takes the rudder
And fronts the red day.
Love, the bold hero,
Who dares to be gay
When the flushed coward Passion
Turns trembling away.

XXI.

JUSTICE.

THE popular notion of justice is still "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" so much crime to be balanced by so much punishment; and until quite recently this was the only principle on which social laws were made. It is now felt, however, by thoughtful law-makers that this principle is not quite satisfactory, and efforts are made not only to punish but to reform.

There is no natural equivalence between stealing and the treadmill, or between forgery and transportation, yet it is said that the thief "deserves" punishment, that stealing five shillings deserves say six months', and that if it is five pounds it deserves twelve months' imprisonment.

The notion is that the crime has to be balanced and is then wiped out; that the criminal has incurred a debt to Society which he is bound to pay, and that when he has

paid it Society has nothing further to complain of.

This notion is altogether illogical. You might as well endeavour to weigh space against charity, as to measure the value of crime in terms of punishment. The two things are not commensurate, and the impossibility often comes out glaringly in practice when opinions differ as to how much punishment a certain crime deserves.

What, then, is justice in its truest and highest sense? It is simply theoretical Right carried out in practice. Under all circumstances justice or right should be done. When a man selfishly steals the property of his neighbour it is a wrong act, the repetition of which must be prevented, the stolen property must be restored, and the man must be captured lest he should steal again. But what is to be done with him? What is it *right* to do with him? Remembering that he is as much a member of Society as any other person, that society having made the conditions of social life is responsible for the results of them, and that this man is one of

God's children inevitably progressing towards the full development of the wonderful human soul, only born on a level a little lower than the average, or else brought up under inferior social conditions, how ought he to be treated by his brother men when he has broken one of the rules of society? Revenge is altogether inadmissible in considering the simple right. It is a purely selfish passion, and the practice of it is itself a crime in civilized society.

The only right conduct of society towards the criminal is to spare no effort to help him to a better state of mind, to bring him up to the average level. Justice demands this and nothing less. There must be no thought of balancing the wrong. The object is to prevent it for the future. If all criminals were kept securely, treated as souls to be developed, and not turned out until there was fair evidence of reformation, society would be freed from the "criminal class," the criminals themselves would mostly become honest citizens at last, and real justice would be done.

The old low notion of justice when applied to the character of God so seriously degrades it that it no longer commands the reverence of cultured minds. The idea of the all-wise, all-loving Father demanding an eye for an eye, or being satisfied with suffering as an atonement for sin, is too incongruous to be entertained intelligently. Sin is no wrong done to God. God is not injured by it. He is not thwarted, He is not even grieved by it. What could cause grief in the consciousness of the Omnipotent? Sin is simply the natural conduct of undeveloped mind. Develop the mind, bring out all its faculties harmoniously, make it quick to perceive beauty and right, and sensitive to admiration and reverence, and the tendency to sin disappears. All human life begins in a state of imperfect development, therefore all are sinners. God intends that they should be. Life is their education. God is "just," only in the sense that He is absolutely impartial and does right to all His children.

"The Crown arraigns you, Justin Anderman,
That you, a traitor and an Anarchist,
Have planned and plotted for the country's ruin.
Speak your defence."

"God and my right, my lord,
Is England's watchword. On this rock I stand.
God knows that I have loved this generous England.
That life and hope and fame are hers, not mine.
That what the Crown may do or leave undone
On this poor body, turns not by a straw
The scales of duty. 'Tis a false arraignment
That I have planned the ruin of the State.
Peace, order, general confidence and credit,
Respect for age and wisdom, equal laws
For rich and poor—these are the ends I seek,
Not robbery and destruction. Let the hands
Which wield dominion give us our plain rights,
And the ten million lips which shriek for justice
And scare the trembling throne, shall smile in peace.
If not, we fight it out to the bitter end,
For our dear England and our children's children,
And the high cause of common liberty,
For God is with us, and our hearts are set."

XXII.

GOVERNMENT.

HUMAN government is in no way comparable with the government of the universe by the omnipotent Creator. In the one case there is absolute knowledge, and absolute control by a single will, over every action and every change down to the minutest detail. In the other there is changing and vacillating purpose, founded largely upon ignorance, making rough attempts to control the wilder vagaries of conduct, but quite powerless over the details of daily life. In regard to the control of God, man has no freedom and can offer no opposition. The conditions of human government are entirely different. In reference to each other, men may be said to be free agents; their actions cannot be fore-known or predicted with any certainty. They are not amenable to any external control whatever, except in certain emergencies which are comparatively rare. During

at least nineteen-twentieths of every man's life he does whatever he likes. As long as his actions do not visibly or directly affect his neighbours no control is attempted, and even when they do affect his neighbours he is left pretty much alone unless his actions affect them injuriously. If it were not for man's tendency occasionally to injure his neighbours, human governments would find half their occupation gone. This tendency to injure others arises from the too frequent supremacy of the selfish desires over the altruistic emotions. The education of life develops the higher emotions in each individual, and thus gradually overcomes that supremacy.

Civilized and progressive races rise in the scale of life generation by generation, and government should in consequence become easier, if it were not for other complications due to increasing numbers and increasing intercourse. But in all communities peace is the rule, strife the exception. They could not exist on any other terms. The first office of government is to check the

exceptional cases of strife, to minimize their violence and reduce their number. A governed community is like a flock of sheep in a field. They can go anywhere and do anything as long as they keep within the fence. Any attempt to break that must be met by resistance. A number of neighbouring communities may be likened to as many flocks in adjoining fields. It is the business of the respective governments to keep the fences in repair, and the gates for friendly communication in working order.

But there is yet another function of government which may well continue to exist when development and culture have made repressive control no longer necessary, viz. : the carrying out of public works for the general convenience of the community. There is indeed much dispute as to how far this function belongs to government under the higher civilizations. Private enterprise, it is said, will provide for all real demands better and more cheaply than governments. But this is a prejudice which has grown up, and has been largely justified, in consequence

of the extreme imperfection hitherto of all national governments.

Works which must be monopolies ought not to be in the hands of private speculators. In order to protect efficiently the rights of the public there must either be open competition or public control. Any limitation of competition must be balanced by partial control, and every complete monopoly should be held by the public government. In English municipal boroughs the local government is chiefly concerned in carrying out public works, the repairing and cleansing of streets, the drainage, gas and water supplies, free libraries, &c., and tramway lines will ultimately come under the same control. As a rule this work is well done by the Town Councils. Why should it not be equally well done by the central government? Why are not the roads, railways and canals, made and held by the government as well as the telegraph and postal systems? The chief reason is that at present governments cannot be trusted. They are too irresponsible, too open to jobbery, too much infected with old notions

of despotism. But the progress of general culture and intelligence is very rapid now. A century hence the governments of the older civilized nations will have been turned inside out, re-organized, and made as trustworthy as a Town Council of the present day.

The great fundamental question, whether it is practically wiser for a community to allow itself to be governed by the most thoughtful and intelligent men to be found in it, and to give them large freedom to carry out their own views; or to choose its governors from men who represent the average views of the majority and will not move faster than public opinion is prepared to sanction, may still be debated, but the outcome will be a compromise. Government by the most far-seeing intellects, checked by a public opinion not too stupid for quick progress, yet too serious to leap wildly in the dark, will be the aim of the coming generations.

XXIII.

SOCIETY.

COMMUNITIES are bound together partly by fear and partly by affection. In the earliest history of mankind men would no doubt cling to one another for common help and defence against external terrors, such as wild animals, tempests, floods and earthquakes, and gregariousness would gradually become a habit. Men and women would be drawn together at first mainly by mere personal pleasure, with some early glimmering of the higher emotions. Each individual growing nobler with advancing years, and each generation being an improvement on the last, the emotions of admiration and reverence would slowly intensify, and love would have a loftier meaning age by age. Thus the social bond though still based partly upon fear would become more and more dominated by respect and affection.

As numbers increased many separate

communities would be formed for convenience of food, water, and other necessities, and then would arise a new external terror.

Each community must defend itself against the selfish passions of surrounding communities, as well as against those of its own individual members, and complex rules of common action and discipline must be formulated. There are three principal directions in which men's passions come into collision, three main objects for which they strive and fight. These are Life, Freedom, and Property. Killing, enslaving, and stealing are the three great social crimes, and the primary purpose of the social compact is to secure to each his life, his freedom of action, and the peaceable possession of his property. In the defence of these a certain proportion of each has to be consumed, and the taxes levied should represent that proportion. When government is conducted in a thoroughly business-like manner, the amount paid for each of these objects will be clearly shown.

It has been maintained by many authorities

that in the levying of taxes each should be made to pay "according to his means." This, however, is a false standard as well as an impracticable one. It is impossible for a man's "means" to be correctly estimated except by himself. The rule that he should pay "according to his means" can be rationally applied only when the payment is voluntary or on his own estimate. The only logical interpretation of a man's "means" of paying is—the amount which he has left after paying the necessary expenses of himself and those dependent upon him. But who shall be the judge of these "necessary expenses?" Who can say what it is necessary to expend upon an invalid wife, or a crippled child, or half-a-dozen poor relations, or upon investments which are as yet unremunerative and of which the future is doubtful?

The true basis of compulsory taxation is that each should pay according to the amount of protection which he requires from the common fund; so much for protection of life, so much for freedom of action, so much

for property. As each individual values his life above everything, every life should pay equally, and all should be equally protected, soldiers who risk their lives for the general safety being perhaps exempted. To make property of all kinds pay according to its value is of course mere common sense. Payment for freedom of action is less easily apportioned, but as the protection required depends mainly upon the extent of a man's contact and transactions with his fellows, taxes upon all business operations as stamp-duty or otherwise, upon travelling, and upon luxuries of all kinds would fairly cover it. A property tax is the most rational, the most just, the most reliable method of raising a common fund; but an income tax is the most irrational, the most unjust, the most despotic and obnoxious method which wrong-headed financiers have ever conceived.

It attempts to extort by torture information which is entirely of a private character and which no man willingly divulges; it asks a question which no government in a free country has any right to ask, because it does

not affect the public welfare ; and it offers the most urgent temptation to falsehood.

In accordance with the great law of the centripetal wave which dominates every phase of organic life, all Societies become more and more complex in their slow progress towards maturity. Communities within communities, wheels within wheels, a continual process of seggregation in the gregarious body goes on necessarily, till the complexity of old Societies becomes something extraordinary. There is the family, the circle of friends, the wider circle of acquaintances, the political or religious clique, the various " Societies " for worship, charity, education or enjoyment, the local, district, and central governments, and each with its internal committees and sub-committees. The principal seggregating waves however within the primary wave of each distinct community are those of Caste. These are of very early development and their rate of progress is slow. The first seggregation is into two castes, the chiefs and the people. Gradually there intervenes between these two a middle class, the Bour-

geoisie, distinct from the nobility above and from the workmen or slaves below. The old historic communities do not appear to have developed beyond this point. Here they culminated and went down. But in the leading Societies of the present day a further seggregation is taking place. In the interspaces between the people, the middle class, and the nobility, are growing up two other classes, the Artizans as distinguished from the labourers, and the upper middle class, connecting the Bourgeoisie and the nobility. This is a clear advance in the organization of social life, coincident with the higher development of the emotions of admiration and reverence, which implies larger and wider vision into the nature of mankind, more generous sympathies, and more far-spreading affection.

Possibly it may not be for any existing forms of Society to carry development beyond this stage. The nations of to-day may pass like Babylon and Egypt, like Athens, Rome and Venice, but while the organic wave still runs its vast and marvellous course

the subsidiary waves within it will bring up fresh communities of ever growing complexity and beauty in which social life shall be of a still loftier and lovelier character than any which has gone before.

It is interesting to notice how the same four secondary waves which we have already traced in the individual organism, in the species and in the class, show themselves also in the organic community. Societies are at first loosely aggregated after the manner of soft cellular tissue. Then they become huge unwieldy empires aiming at universal dominion, and powerful rather from bulk than discipline. Afterwards they concentrate themselves into smaller but more compact kingdoms with complex codes of law, careful discipline, and weapons of precision, all combining to give an elasticity, a cohesion, a power of defence unknown to the earlier empires, and bearing witness to the rise of the third secondary wave, the wave of muscular or fibrous development. The perfect Society, the utopian ideal which seers and prophets yearn for, but which up to the

present time it has been found impossible to realize, is yet no dream of empty imagination. With the rise of the last great secondary wave of nerve-force, intellect, and love, to its climacteric, there shall blossom out a phase of social life nobler and more sublime than the most utopian transcendentalist has ever planned.

XXIV.

WOMAN.

ONE of the most curious and striking characteristics of all organic life, animal or vegetable, above the very lowest forms, is the division into two sexes. What is the cause and the purpose of this arrangement? Reproduction is the method by which the specific force-wave is carried forward through the long succession of perishing individuals. But why should two sexes be necessary to reproduction? Reproduction can take place without them. Among some insects parthogenesis or asexual generation is a regular phenomenon. No doubt the union of sexes may secure variation and increasing complexity, but there are probably some higher ends which are not yet obvious to us. Confining our thoughts to the human race can we fairly say that either of these two sexual forms, the male and the

female, is superior to the other? In all past history man has claimed the superiority and taken the lead. Will it always be so? The more barbarous the race, the lower is the position of woman. Civilization raises that position, and in some advanced communities women have been regarded with chivalrous respect, and have occupied thrones.

The superiority of man depends upon his greater physical strength, and the greater precocity of his intellect. But that which comes earliest to maturity is not generally the noblest or the most perfect. Among invertebrate animals the highest Class is that of Insects, and the highest order of insects is the Hymenoptera, the Bees, Wasps, Ants, &c. These little creatures have some wonderful analogies with the human race. They live in communities, they have regular discipline, they keep slaves, and they cultivate lower insects for food. Among these communities the males are of little account. Females are the leaders, the workers, and the masters. Will not mankind arrive in the distant future at some similar condition?

Woman is more sensitive to emotion if less receptive and creative in the sphere of ideas. And even this is probably due to a slower development, not to an inferior capacity. The higher intellectual training which woman now demands and obtains will bear its fruit in coming generations. Her intellect, though longer in arriving at maturity, may yet prove its ultimate superiority, and when she surpasses man in the majesty and brilliancy of her ideas, while she retains her lead in richness of emotion, there will no longer be any doubt of her superior rank. It may be that a million years hence man will be reduced to the position of the drones in a hive, and that when the full maturity of the human wave is reached he will die out first, leaving woman in possession of this planet until the old age of the last and youngest generation, with whose final breath the history of the race shall close for ever as inhabitants of the worn-out world,

Eve, they say, tempted Adam. Sure since then
The scales are turned. The tender bud which lay
Half folded in the dawning of the world
Breaks into glorious bloom, the fairest flower
In all God's visible garden, over-topping
In power and beauty the rude masculine type.

Eve was the phœnix yet unfeathered. Now
The woman will not when the weak man would.
She stands with broad calm brow and steadfast eye
Fronting the wrong, firm in her faithful trust.
He, like a false cur, dare not for the Right
Stake his loved fortune, fame, or pampered ease.
Cringing and cowering at the light world's frown,
His part played out, man's sceptre is flung down.

A grassy slope beneath a mountain crag,
Where the wild goat with watchful care defends
Her browsing kids. And though the eagle swoops
With rush and cry like some embattled host,
She fears not ; mother's wit and mother's love—
O great brave heart beneath that shaggy breast !—
Matching and mastering the royal robber.

XXV.

EDUCATION.

IF the conditions of human life constitute God's system of Education, why should man interfere with it? What need can there be for all his schools and colleges and universities? Can he do it better than God? Is God's method so imperfect that man can improve upon it? No; but the chief lesson which is learnt in the school of life, and cannot be learnt elsewhere, is the hunger and thirst after truth, and the wonderland of Beauty and Goodness to which truth leads the way. This hunger and thirst once lighted in the soul burns like a fire ever fiercer and fiercer, and becomes the motive power which sweeps it onward in its splendid career.

The school of life strikes the first spark, nourishes the flickering flame, and supplies even to the end the essential conditions. But the kindled fire does its own work, seeks

its own food, grows, intensifies, and aspires after the highest.

The first stage of education is the action of the non-ego upon the ego; the later and higher stage is the reverse action of the stimulated ego upon the non-ego. The external work is but preliminary and accessory, its best result is to feed and animate the internal energy.

Man's schools and colleges are the outcome of the hunger for truth which life inspires; and they in their turn are but preliminaries of a still higher stage. The education which is *given* to a man is as nothing to that which he gets for himself. Schools teach him how to learn, but if the fire has been well kindled his highest and richest education goes on when his school days are past.

The conditions of life are not so arranged for man as that everything shall be done for him. Their chief purpose is to nourish the internal energy of his soul that it may work out its own pre-destined beauty; that by noble and invigorating toil it may develop every organ to its best, and by the toil of

thought may draw continually nearer to the throne-room of its King and Queen where the joy of loftiest worship shall enfold it like the white light of day.

Nay, Joe, I will not hear the schoolmaster
Reviled. The big brave tender soul that ground
Greek verbs into my brain inspired my heart
With reverence for the craft. No duller lout
Than I e'er thumb'd a grammar, but the work
Had to be done, and was done, by the toil
Of that strong patient man. He was a giant
In body, brain and soul; without ambition,
Surely, or he had won some richer post
Than ruler of our country grammar-school.
To see him teach a dunce was beautiful,
A good day's lesson for a thoughtful lad.
'Twas cracking nuts with a steam hammer, yet
The mighty moral engine never felt
Its power mis-used or wasted. Human units,
He said, were all vast unknown quantities,
Whose visible outlines were paraboloid,
And whose proportionate differences must lessen
With every hour. Dunces were not less worthy
Than youthful prodigies, and a strong man's joy
Was in the hardest labour. Thus he won
All generous-hearted boys to love and help him,
And not a lad who left his hands would bear
To hear hard words of any schoolmaster.

XXVI.

ART.

THE subterranean castle of the mole, the dainty nest of the chaffinch, the web of the geometric spider, bear witness that while the artistic capacity is common to all animal life, the artistic insight is developed only in Man. These ingenious excavators, builders and spinners execute their utilitarian works, and make them beautiful, but they do not copy the beautiful things around them. Either they do not see the beauty, or the desire to reproduce it is not awakened. To man alone it is given to recognise abstract beauty, to worship it with passionate admiration, to give his life to the expression of it. He copies the objects which kindle it in his mental vision, and when growth and culture have so expanded and intensified the Idea that he can no longer find for it adequate expression among the actual forms of nature, he conceives still nobler forms transcending or

idealizing what exist in the visible world around him. As his intellect becomes more penetrating he finds the sphere of the beautiful ever widening before him. He learns at last that Beauty is omnipresent, that ugliness is but the measure of his incapacity to see. He discovers that everything which he makes or does can be rendered beautiful, can be so designed that by its operation on the mind, through whatever sense, it shall engender that abstract idea of Beauty which has power to thrill the soul with admiration.

He calls up Beauty through the ear by music, through the touch by rich and soft and delicate fabrics, through the eye by graceful forms and complex colouring, and through eye and ear together by the wonderful combination of language. The senses of smell and taste are scarcely yet refined enough to convey those delicate vibrations whose harmonious variety would generate the perception of Beauty, but they are approaching that condition, and in later epochs of development there will probably be a music of

odours and of flavours, the beauty of which we cannot yet appreciate.

The gift of Art is one of man's loftiest attributes, only possible to him because he has reached the level of abstract ideas; because he has passed a critical point in the history of vital evolution, which has opened to him this new possibility.

Henceforth this region of abstract ideas, with the new emotions of admiration and reverence attaching to them, must be the great arena of his development, the arena to be occupied by the newest and latest order of the animal kingdom, the order of Humanity. In this arena what has Art to do? Why has this gift come to him? What is the best that he can do with it?

By its aid he is able to surround himself with objects which are already beautiful to him, objects which make him more familiar with the idea of Beauty, which enable him to live among the loftiest heights of his own especial region, and thus prepare him for a yet further advance through some other critical epoch far in the distant future.

The truest and most effective Art is the expression of the noblest ideas in such language, whether of sound, or form, or colour, or speech, as shall awaken in other minds the ideas of the artist as vividly as he conceived them. There are then two essentials in Art: the method of expression, and the idea to be expressed. A method of expression has to be discovered and perfected. The kind of method selected by each artist will depend chiefly on inherited tendencies, whether it be by sound, form, colour, or speech. But he can express nothing effectively until his method is perfected, until he has acquired a complete mastery of the signs and symbols by which he will convey his ideas to other minds. When this mastery is attained, when he is able to make other men see what he sees, and hear what he hears, an immense responsibility is laid upon him. He is as a god among his fellows. He will help their progress, or he will hinder it, according to the ideas which he expresses.

If while acquiring his method of expression he has forgotten, as too many do, the true

purpose of his work. If he has become absorbed in his own skill, or tempted by the selfish desire of praise and money, and devotes his life to clever tricks of manipulation, to the representation of objects which startle without teaching, or of sentiments which excite but do not elevate, he is as a blind man leading the blind, an apostate of art, a lost soul calling his fellows to perdition. For him indeed salvation is not impossible, yet it shall come only by the fiery path of repentance.

But if he has kept his upward vision clear, still yearning after the beautiful in nature, and the good in man ; if he labours to carry lovely and noble thoughts into the souls around him, to kindle divine emotions, to inspire humanity with lofty hopes and aims and aspirations, then he is an Artist indeed, a poet, a prophet, a saviour, a divine leader of the people.

The loftiest phase of art is the portraiture of human character in its noblest moods. To this level have already risen our finest novelists and poets, but the painters and

sculptors of this age are far behind. We have landscapes by the thousand, interiors and domestic scenes and still life ; women knitting and sweeping and gleaning ; men drinking, smoking, gambling ; battle scenes, murders and decapitations ; but where are the human faces that tell of glad strong trust in the Right, of resolute will that puts aside temptation as a feeble twig, of self-devotion that finds its joy in suffering for another ? Alas ! these gospels of Art are so rare and so much prized that they cannot be obtained for the galleries of the common people.

Here, for pictorial Art, then, is the field of the future. Here is the work which the world waits for. There was a time when this work was being done on the level of the thought of that age ; the time of the glory of Italy, when art was in the service of Religion, and was ennobled because she did the best and highest that she knew. It was an age of pessimism. Jesus was the God of Sorrow. There were bleeding saviours, suffering and penitent saints, avenging

angels, but no innocence and no joy, save in the virgin and the little child. To the coarse animal life of the multitudes, even this however was light from heaven. It was excellent and noble work, but it passed as the thoughts of humanity rose higher, and now we wait for the Master Artists who shall soar above the level of to-day and draw us with them by the loveliness and the splendour of their revelations.

Shall I lavish

The substance of my soul upon mere flesh ?
Here is the marble, here the obedient tool
And the creating hand. What form shall grow
Out of these elements lies not in them
But in the master-spirit of the eye
That sees the formless thought. O marvellous Art !
Man's first credential at the gates of heaven,
Best witness of his birth to rights divine,
Lay on my soul thy loftiest mandate ! spare
No moment of my life that may be burned
Upon Thine altar ! Let this passive block
Blossom beneath the chisel to such surpassing
Splendour of thought, such large, strong, happy life,
That the sad world may lift its drooping brows
And bless God for the ennobling gift of Art !

XXVII.

LABOUR.

ORGANIC life is the resultant of a concentrating force-wave, but this statement does not sufficiently define it. In addition to the perpetual inflow of energy, there is a perpetual outflow also. The concentration consists in the surplus of the one over the other. When there is no surplus, concentration ceases ; when the balance is on the other side, dispersion is going on. Life, like light and heat, is a "mode of motion." It exists only while this continual inflow and outflow is taking place. Its intensity is proportional to the rapidity of the current, and the rank of any organic unit is proportional to the intensity and complexity of its life. In man, the outflow of energy is almost infinitely complex, and extremely rapid. Every cell of the body is perpetually changing its constituent particles. There is a constant evolution of heat, an almost constant transfer of

mechanical energy by muscular action upon surrounding objects ; there are internal chemical actions, secretions, excretions, deposits, and combustions ; and finally mental action giving out thought and feeling in a multitude of forms. He who would live the fullest life must give the fullest play to the current of energy. He must aid its rapidity by cultivating every channel of its outflow, and he *will* do this when he sees and understands the desirability of it.

The very numerous channels of outflow are divisible into two sections ; those through which the current is involuntary, and those through which it is voluntary. The only control which he has over the first section is by keeping the channels clear, which is the question of Health. Over the voluntary group, his mental action has complete control. Labour is the general name for the outflow of energy along these voluntary channels. According to the amount of a man's labour will be the intensity of his life. The idle man lives necessarily a feeble, dull, and comparatively uninteresting existence.

Muscular labour and mental labour are the two main voluntary channels by which energy is given out. By muscular labour the third or "fibrous" phase of the organic wave is nourished and intensified, while the development of the last, the "nervous" phase is aided by mental labour. Both are necessary to the completest life.

The utmost physical toil, the hardest thought, the warmest emotions, these are as essential to intense and noble living as pure air and nourishing food. Genius, it has been said, is the power to do more than the average of work. It is so, because the more the work the intenser the life, and genius is that which sees what is admirable and burns to pursue it. No noble soul desires rest. The old hope of heaven as a place of rest for the weary, a golden Castle of Indolence, a garden of quiescent delights, a gathering round a great white throne to sing hymns and play on harps, has ceased to be attractive except to a few fanatics. Labour is the joy of existence, and he is the nearest to angelic life who wastes no moment of time, who needs the

fewest hours of sleep, to whom an easy chair is no luxury, who works persistently with brain and hand for noble purposes, rejoicing in his toil, sure that he is doing holy service to his God, his brothers, and himself.

My little daughter, standing at the gate
Of womanhood, gird up your soul and think.
For you *can* think, and judge, with a clear eye
Unblurred by cobwebs. Shall your life be given
To wools or wisdom? Fancy-work or art?
To social ease, or mental battle-fields?
Fate gives you choice, and I, who know my girl,
Trust her to choose.

Dear father, you have led
My steps so long that I am fain to lean
Still on your hand when I should walk alone.
I do not fear to choose. The summer light
Shines full upon the path which I must tread.
I will not turn aside. I will not waste
The glad bright hours. Time is God's noblest gift,
And I will use it, gratefully, for Him
And for the world.

XXVIII.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is the current of energy in the highest and most concentrated phase of which we have any knowledge. Energy is drawn into our personality by warmth, by food, and by the senses. It passes along the nerves as a subtle vibration. It is transmuted in the brain into concrete ideas, and thence into abstract ideas, and passes away through the voluntary channels of desire and emotion leaving a certain surplus which is memory, by the accumulation of which the growth of mind is measured; and by the involuntary channels of secretion, &c., leaving a surplus which is the growth of the body. So long as organic life continues the current cannot cease to flow. Its rapidity, however, may vary greatly. In sleep its velocity is at its minimum, it scarcely reaches to the phase of ideas, but passes away by the involuntary

channels leaving a surplus to the body, but none in the region of intellect or emotion. Such an increase in the velocity of the current as wakes the sleeper, causes it at the same time to pass up into the intellectual phase. Ideas again occur with a slight surplus of memory, and the phenomenon of dreams is the result. The hypothesis that the mind always thinks, and that in sleep it is only memory which fails is probably not quite true. The current of energy continues, but it is not necessary that it should always attain its highest limit, and it seems most likely that it does not do so.

If we were able to do without sleep, the accumulations of memory and the growth of mind might be almost doubled, but in the present phase of organic existence one of the cosmic force-waves within whose influence we lie is indicated by the undulating stream of day and night, and the corresponding rise and fall in the intensity of the current.

Civilization, which is the outward effect of mental growth, is always cumulative. Barbarous man advances with slow steps

from century to century. His ideas are few, the current of thought is feeble, the accumulations of memory slight and fragmentary.

The palæolithic epoch may represent perhaps 30,000 years, the neolithic 20,000, the bronze period 10,000, the iron 5,000 with the dawn of history and the rapid strides of science, art, and philosophy which mark the age now running its brilliant course. It may be that the next will be called the Age of Aluminium, for assuredly there is a great future for that extraordinary metal, so abundant, yet so hard to extract from the grasp of oxygen.

The reason of this cumulative civilization is that thought begets thought ; that abstract ideas kindle such powerful emotions and desires that the most strenuous efforts are made to attain to still higher phases of intellect, and that every step so gained intensifies the struggle.

This is man's marvellous and splendid destiny. He cannot help it. There is no question of free will. He rises, as the bubble rises, by the law of his existence.

The path of each individual, of each race, of each epoch, is a zig-zag line, a series of oscillations, of risings and fallings, of light and shadow, of strength and weakness, but there is a perpetual gain, a constant accumulation of energy, an inevitable progress towards the highest development which is possible to each organic unit, and to each organic group ; and there is ample warrant for the ennobling trust that no organic unit which has attained to self-conscious aspiration after Beauty and Right can perish with this earthly life, because thought bears constant witness that there is a higher possibility than is ever here attainable.

By the brook I sit and ponder
While the water flows.
At my feet the fishes wander ;
Up the green bank over yonder
Red geranium grows.

On a twig of maple swinging
Sits a happy bird,
Breast and throat with music ringing,
Such a wild triumphant singing
Nature never heard.

From the air and from the water
Beauty's passion breaks.
And in the flashes of the sun,
Where the sparkling ripples run,
The soul of love awakes.

XXIX.

RELIGION.

WHAT are called " Religious services " have all been originally the expression of a living sentiment, and they all degenerate into dead ceremonial because the current of thought necessarily flows onward while the forms remain fixed.

There is probably not, at the present day, a single Church throughout the nations of the world in which the form of service truly represents the thought and the sentiment of the bulk of the worshippers. The nations which profess christianity being the most civilized, the most thoughtful, and the most progressive, are probably also most in advance of their Church ceremonials. Compare a christian religious service with the best thought of this age. In the Roman Catholic Church prayers are made to the Virgin and the Saints, and help is expected

according to the number of the "Paters" and the "Aves" which are repeated. In the Church of England and the orthodox dissenting Chapels the Trinity and the atoning blood of Christ are the chief subjects of contemplation. In the Unitarian Churches the Bible is still almost the only book, prayers are offered "in the name of Jesus," anthems are chanted and hymns sung full often of quite antiquated language and thoughts, and Sunday is regarded as the sacred day. In the few Secular Churches nothing to be called a "service" is used at all, the people come together to hear lectures mostly controversial, and to sing didactic hymns.

Yet the best minds in every Church feel that Religion is the noblest attitude of the soul in presence of its loftiest thought, that it includes the most stirring emotion, kindled by the most sublime ideas of the intellect, that it belongs to the whole life, not to any appointed day or place, and that it can never be expressed by trivial ceremonies, or logical controversies, or anything which is not true and warm and earnest and uplifting.

Religion is the recognition of the Beautiful and the Good, followed by the admiration and the reverence which these ideas necessarily engender. It is the highest distinguishing characteristic of Humanity. In no human soul is it altogether absent ; in the noblest it is an abiding presence throughout life. A truly religious man sees Beauty and Goodness surrounding him on all sides, and lives in a joyful and reverent atmosphere, diffusing joy and courage and love about him as an unseen "aura." This he may do indeed even if he is unable to think of God as a conscious personality. There are men of earnest religion among materialistic philosophers. But the idea of the one omnipresent, all-inclusive Force, from which all that we know has sprung, and which therefore necessarily includes among its attributes personality and consciousness because these actually exist ; the idea that we are ripples of that one Universal Wave, partaking of the same nature, able dimly to appreciate and commune with that Eternal Mind, which is to us the eternally true and beautiful and

good because we have no thoughts loftier than these ; the feeling that in some sublimer sense than we can comprehend the All-Knowing and All-Good is conscious of the sentiments of sympathy and love, is not a Father only nor a Mother only to the universal Cosmos, but something higher, nobler, more entirely trustworthy than our finest conceptions of parental care, this gives to Religion a warmth, a brightness, an intensity of living earnestness which no materialistic philosophy can reach ; this seems to be the highest level of thought and feeling to which man in this age is able to attain.

To the expression of these ideas and the cultivation of these sentiments the Church of the Future must devote itself.

Friend, I am vexed with doubt. The creeds men teach
 Give me a God less merciful than I,
 A fetich Bible and a worthless Heaven.
 Yet should I leave the old tracks, Atheism
 Yawns like a hell across the unknown way.
 What shall I do? Give me some word of help,
 Fruit of a thoughtful life and your grey hairs.

“God is all-wise, all-mighty, and all-good.
 Hold fast to this with an unflinching logic.
 Make it the touchstone of your faith. Trust nothing
 Which does not square with this to the absolute level.
 All creeds profess it, but none holds it truly.
 Free-will, and sin, and justice misconceived,
 Blur the great central truth, and make God's music
 A raging discord. Love, my gentle friend,
 Love is the loftiest concept of the soul,
 And God is Love, and Evil but a name
 For that large lovely landscape past our ken.”

“Friend, is this so? There is some hope in this,
 Somè glorious hope! I see it rounding out
 Into a broad soul-satisfying trust,
 Bright with God's happiest sunshine! Thanks, old
 friend.”

XXX.

CONCLUSION.

THE outcome of the Force-Wave theory is this:—The universe consists of one substance, the living active conscious God, to whom, in His totality, time and space, evil and ugliness, have no existence. His activity consists in perpetual change of detail without alteration of the unchangeable whole.

This perpetual change is always of the wave character. The most complex form of the wave of which we have any knowledge is the concentrating form, and this in its most complex condition manifests the phenomenon of self-consciousness as in man. This phenomenon implies and includes the perception of an ego and a non-ego, of space and time, of good and evil, and of so much of the conditions of change as is represented by the idea of Progress or Development, and final return into the universal whole.

Man, the self-conscious wave, is able to recognise the existence of surrounding waves, and to the peculiar influence of these surrounding waves upon himself he gives the name of Matter. From the similarity between the action of some of these and his own action he infers that they also are self-conscious, while from the want of such similarity in the action of others he infers that these are not self-conscious.

Man is able also to recognise his own development. He perceives that his power to act, his perceptivity, and his emotional sensitiveness continually increase ; he infers that there is a destiny still before him, and he yearns to discover whereto he is tending. The enlargement of his field of consciousness by the accumulations of memory shows him that the same process of development is going on throughout the universe, that there are force-waves everywhere in all stages of progress, that they are all related to each other, and all included in other waves larger than themselves. He perceives at last the sublime Unity, and recognises the omnipresent God.

He discovers that the intensity and the grandeur of his emotions keep pace with the enlargement of his intellect, that Beauty and Goodness are the loftiest ideas, and admiration and reverence the noblest emotions to which he can at present attain. He finds these ideas presenting themselves more and more frequently as he becomes more acquainted with the surrounding universe, and finally attains to the conviction that everything which exists would give rise to these ideas if he were able to appreciate all their relationships. Then he recognises with joy that the omnipresent God is also the all-beautiful and the all-good, and feeling himself as a child in the arms of his Father, one of an infinite family all loved and cared for, without an enemy, threatened by no danger, he learns to love as he is loved, to rejoice without fear, to yield himself to the guidance of his loftiest emotions, to trust with absolute confidence in the unknown future.

This is not fatalism. The true fatalist does not recognise the law of progressive

development, nor the inevitable aspiration of the human soul towards the Beautiful and the Good. He regards Fate as an arbitrary ordainer of good or ill, against whose decrees it is useless to contend, and under whose rule there is no reason for doing right rather than wrong. A lofty and trustful Optimism, on the other hand, perceives that though all events happen with inevitable precision, they are all steps in a perpetually upward path, and that among those inevitable events are the continuous development of keener consciousness, larger ideas, and nobler emotions, compelling us to yearn after the Right with an ever increasing devotion. The prospects of existence, therefore, are not veiled in absolute darkness, nor is there any inducement to a mere listless submission.

Knowing that pain and pleasure, joy and grief, minister alike to the soul's highest welfare, and that the darkness of to-day will inevitably give place to a morrow brighter than any which has gone before, patience, hope, cheerfulness and vigorous aspiration are the mental attitudes natural to the Optimist.

I sat at my study window looking out upon the unmown lawn, which was crowded with daisies as if a shower of stars had fallen in the night. It was a warm bright morning, and the dreamy beauty of summer carried my thoughts lazily along pleasant lines. After gazing for some time with a vague delight at the larger outlines and the broad masses of colour I began to notice the details of the picture, and presently I saw a small black beetle struggling slowly through the dense jungle of grass and daisy stalks as if he had a long journey before him, but had set his little mind on doing it and was not to be daunted. I watched him closely as he crept up one stalk and down another, here over the top of a leaf-cluster, and there underneath, and for a moment out of sight. His course seemed strangely irregular and vagrant, as if he had reasons for turning this way and that which were inappreciable to me. My curiosity was roused. I went out, knelt upon the grass, and following him everywhere with a pocket lens soon found myself deeply interested in the progress of his arduous journey. His antennæ were in constant motion and his course was plainly guided by their reports. Some of the daisy-stalks were much more hairy than others. He always chose the smooth ones. Some leaves were

hairy on the upper surface and smooth below. In these cases he crept underneath. If a dewdrop lay in the hollow of a leaf he went round it as though it were a dangerous pool. He seemed to avoid the red-tipped daisies as much as the hairy ones; perhaps the red light beneath them frightened him. Sometimes he would pause for a moment on a daisy-bud half opened, playing with the delicate white florets as if he delighted in their fresh young purity. And so he struggled on and I lost sight of him, for he had opened up a new thought to me and I followed this through the mysterious channels of the mind and forgot the poor black beetle. I had never before recognised the fact that there could be such important differences between one daisy and another. These little "eyes of day" were always favourites of mine. I loved them all, and regretted to see them gathered and left to wither by thoughtless children, or shorn down in thousands by the gardener. But to my eye they were all daisies, equally beautiful and sweet. Yet now it seemed that to creatures who lived among them and saw them more closely, each separate daisy might have a character of its own, some smooth and friendly, some rough, ill-tempered and forbidding, and some with fiery eyes full of anger and fierceness, so that a well-disposed beetle would keep clear of them.

Then I said to myself "The myriads of men and women on this earth are like daisies in the garden of God. I who live among them and see them so closely find vast differences. I call one man good, and another wicked. But to the eye of God they are all beautiful, and the small variations only make the total beauty of the garden richer and more perfect."

FINIS.



